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What Sort of Diplomacy?

SIR ANTHONY EDEN is an accomplished performer on TV. The earnest manner, the sad, whimsical smile, the every-mother's-boy style of oratory, all make him the perfect Housewives' Choice. His nationwide broadcast repeated the valid case against Nasser and our doubts about his promises, but it failed to show how force can be a remedy. He may still have given a certain reassurance to the public that British policy over Suez is just the right blend of determination and reasonableness, and that everything is in good hands. All the more reason, then, why the Labour Party should speak out to expose the ugly situation which is concealed by Sir Anthony's persuasive words.

Under pressure from his own rebellious Suez group in the House (who are still after his blood for the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1954) and from Guy Mollet and his colleagues (who are desperately trying to entangle Britain in their colonial war with the Arabs), Sir Anthony was hustled last week into threatening the use of force to defend British interests in Suez. Even Mr. Dulles—in election year more sensitive than usual to international nuances—has pointedly dissociated the U.S. from this folly; while Mr. Nehru, using powerful language in an appeal for a negotiated settlement, has said that threats of force are "the wrong way and do not belong to this age".

During this week more and more people have come to agree with Mr. Nehru about the futility of force. But in the first place the danger is an immediate and diplomatic one. Next week's conference has the specific object of establishing an international authority to operate the Canal. Britain and France have allowed it to be inferred that, in some unspecified way, they are prepared to use force—"going it alone," if necessary—should the conference fail to agree on "internationalisation." "It is upon this that we must insist . . . nothing less can be acceptable to us," said Sir Anthony in the Commons debate.

What sort of diplomacy is that? Mr. Nehru has already said that Egypt "could not participate in a conference to which she is merely invited and on which there have been no consultations with her". And even if it should prove possible to find other means of negotiation with Nasser, which "do not injure the sovereign rights of Egypt", it seems most improbable that Cairo would accept internationalisation as a solution. Moreover the Indian decision to attend the conference was made conditional on the British assurance that attendance did not necessarily imply acceptance of the principle of internationalisation. So it is already clear that the British plan will be opposed by India and presumably the other Asian nations present. Thus, diplomatically, Sir Anthony Eden has led Britain into the position where our bluff is almost bound to be called.

Are we then to use the force that Captain Waterhouse and M. Mollet so much desire? Sir Anthony may by now have come to his senses sufficiently to realise that, apart from the overwhelmingly strong moral and political arguments against doing so, the practical difficulties make this course almost impossible. As Mr. George Wigg, M.P., shows convincingly in an authoritative review of our Middle-eastern military potential which we publish on another page, the job of reoccupying Suez against Egyptian resistance cannot be done with the forces now available.

Sir Anthony has still a few days in which to extricate himself—and the rest of us—from the dangerous muddle into which he has led us. He must make it plain before the conference assembles that Britain abjures the use of force, unless and until Nasser were to deny free passage of the canal to peaceful ships. Retreating with dignity from an absurd position is always an uncomfortable manoeuvre. But it is better to do it with a good grace now than to be faced in a week's time with the choice of running away from the fulfilment of empty threats or calling up yet more reserves to fight a fruitless war. Not even the popularity of a Housewives' Choice could survive the public indignation which would follow that.

Comments on the Week's News

Unions and the Motor Industry

The unions most concerned with the motor industry have made a useful analysis of its defects. They quite rightly indict the main manufacturers for inadequate design, poor salesmanship and inferior after-sales service in foreign markets. The simple fact is that the industry has been more interested in the "soft" home market than in meeting stiff foreign competition, and that the present government, by removing steel controls that forced car manufacturers out into the world market, has let the industry have its head. Similarly, as the unions point out, permission has been given for huge investment programmes by which each individual manufacturer hopes to secure a larger share of the available market for himself. There has been no attempt to co-ordinate these programmes, or to measure the total capacity that they will create against foreseeable demand. At the same time, the unions make it clear that they are not opposed to "the most up-to-date methods of production," including automatic processes. So far, so good. But their remedy does not measure up to their initial strictures. They argue that there is still a large potential market for cars in this country, and that this should be tapped by reductions in purchase-tax, petrol duty and licence charges. This, it is true, is the short answer that the manufacturers themselves give. It is far from satisfactory. Are we, in effect, to write off overseas sales—and the currency earnings that go with them? Are we, indeed, to repeat the folly of the recent car boom, when Britain was spending dollars to import sheet steel to make cars for home consumption? This remedy is really no remedy at all for anything but a short-term crisis. What is needed is some form of rationalisation within the industry, and a determined effort to recapture lost vehicle markets or open new ones. The motor industry, as it is now organised, has fallen down on this job. The unions should now consider how to reorganise it.

Egg-marketing Muddle

The Minister of Agriculture has announced that the N.F.U.'s draft scheme for channelling the sale of eggs through a producers' marketing board is to be allowed to proceed "subject to certain modifications." Although the details of these have not yet been disclosed, it is clear that Mr. Baker's inquiry into the objections to the scheme has had its effect. The N.F.U. now has to decide whether it is prepared to widen still further the exemptions from compulsory marketing. The N.F.U. suggested that those producers with not more than 25 head of poultry should be exempt from registration and that the sale of eggs "at the farm gate" for domestic consumption by a private purchaser should also be exempt. This did not satisfy the objectors, some of whom wanted a completely free market. Mr. Baker has proposed a compromise. While not prepared to recommend "complete liberty of action", he suggests that producer-retailers of any size shall be licensed to sell retail only without qualification and without being required to "test, grade, mark, store" their eggs as prescribed by the board; and that the man with 50 or even 100 head of poultry shall not be required to register at all. In seeking to substitute a producers' marketing scheme for the present interim arrangements the government's prime aim is to reduce the financial burden on the Treasury. The egg subsidy has been running at over £20 million a year. At present the poultry-keeper who sells through the packing stations is assured of the support price whatever happens; if his eggs in fact fetch more, the packing station pays him the difference. Under the N.F.U. scheme the subsidy arrangements will be varied so that if the average net receipts by the board for the year exceed the guaranteed price by more than 2d. per dozen, 50 per cent. of the excess above 2d. will be repaid to the Treasury. Similarly if the returns fall by more than 2d. per dozen below the guaranteed price the Treasury will make up 90 per cent. of the deficit. In this way, although the total return to the producers will not fall below the long-term minimum guaranteed prices, the board will be "under a direct incentive to get the best out of the market" and the Treasury will collect its share of the higher market price. But if the board is to "improve" the market, it must be able to control it by controlling the bulk of the sales. By widening the exemptions, Mr. Baker has made this more difficult. In order to get the scheme adopted by the producers, the government has no doubt felt obliged to make a concession to "Tory freedom". As a result the market may be flooded with ungraded eggs under the euphemistic label of "new laid". One of the troubles is that the public has an instinctive resistance to handing compulsory powers to a producers' board. The need for orderly marketing is obvious; no one wants to return to the disastrous instability of the pre-war years; but the consumer is entitled to protection, too. The right way is not to drive a coach and horses through the marketing scheme, as Mr. Baker does, but to see that control is put in the hands of a representative body, such as an Egg Commission, responsible to the Minister, and balancing the interests of producer and consumer.

Mr. Stassen Sets Up Shop

Mr. Stassen, taking a month's leave to conduct his campaign against Mr. Nixon, has now opened an office to promote the Eisenhower-Herter ticket and he is getting some financial and other forms of support from fairly high level Republicans who prefer, at this stage, to let Mr. Stassen do the talking. He has been helped, of course, by the President's refusal last week to state his preference for Mr. Nixon in plain terms. The Vice-President, Mr. Eisenhower told his press conference, is "perfectly acceptable". This is a significant change of emphasis from his earlier statement that he was "delighted" that Mr. Nixon wished to run again. It may be that the President is willing to let Mr. Stassen have his head merely to prove that the Republican convention's choice has not been "foreclosed," and to show that Mr. Nixon—if selected—has been renominated after a full and frank discussion of his merits. But this is unlikely. Mr. Stassen's attack is hitting the Republican Party at its most sensitive point, and the more attention he draws to Mr. Nixon's shortcomings, the more ammunition he supplies to the Democrats. Mr. Stassen's campaign, therefore, must now be taken fairly seriously, especially as the President's failure to make a good recovery has begun to make a marked impression on public opinion—an impression confirmed by his promise this week to submit to a further medical overhaul before entering upon a second term of office. There are a number of the President's closest advisers who have come to realise that an Eisenhower-Nixon ticket may run two serious risks—that it may be beaten, or that its victory may mean that the presidency, and the party leadership, will soon after pass into the unreliable hands of Mr. Nixon. They have, indeed, to reckon with the chance that the President may not even last the course between nomination and the election. For these reasons, it is possible that Mr. Nixon may after all be pushed aside. It will be a difficult operation. It is a measure of the President's ill-health that it should even be considered at this late hour.

Last Chance for Singapore?

The temperature in Singapore is certainly lower since the retirement—temporary or permanent?—of David Marshall. After the failure of the London talks the Labour Front had a difficult decision to take. Should it demand a general election, with the certainty of party competition in anti-British demagogy? Or try to form a new government, with the risk of becoming the butt of all its opponents? It chose the second alternative, under the new leadership of Lim Yew Hock. So far its choice seems to have been wise. Tempers have subsided; Lee Kuan Yew and his People's Action Party are co-operating more happily than with Marshall; and the Labour Front itself is being built into a recognisable party. Yet the central problems remain unsolved. The demand for genuine *merdeka* is temporarily hushed, but not stilled. How are British security interests to be reconciled with it? The necessity for union with the Federation of Malaya has become more rather than less pressing, but its chances are now almost written off in the Federation. Nevertheless, Mr. Lim seems to have a better prospect of success than Marshall ever had. He is more trusted by Chinese and Malays. He gets on well with Tengku Abdul Rhaman. He may be able to hold on to office, even though in a minority among the elected members, until next Spring. He has been having unofficial talks with Lennox-Boyd whilst in this country. If he can find an acceptable compromise on the issue of the Defence Council and the question of a Malayan Governor-General, he would be in a position to win an election next year.

The Labour Party and Seretse

Last year, the Labour Party National Executive reversed party policy on the deposition of Seretse Khama; and last week the new policy was presented to the Commons. In a courageous speech, Patrick Gordon-Walker, who took the original decision to exile Seretse, pledged the next Labour government to send him back, and to allow his status to be decided at a meeting of representatives of the tribe. This unambiguous statement is significant for two reasons. First, it should scotch the rumour, widely believed in the colonies and deeply resented in the party, that the Labour government was opposed to mixed marriages. Second, it will make the policy of the present government unworkable. Tory assurances to the Bamangwato that Seretse will never come back can in future be met with the reply, "we shall wait until your next election". The main responsibility now shifts to Seretse himself and his uncle Tshekedi. The tribe is facing new problems of economic, social and political development, soon to be aggravated by the consequences of mineral workings. The co-operation of these

two men—both trained to lead the tribe—will be essential to their solution; indeed, the future of the tribe, and indirectly of much of southern Africa, depends on a rapprochement. The first move should come from Tshekedi—too often he and his supporters have concentrated on his own grievances and forgotten the greater wrong done to Seretse—but the Labour Party should make every effort to assist a reconciliation. The other obstacles to Seretse's return can be overcome by a tribal conference.

Indonesia Defaults

The timing of Indonesia's decision to write off her debts to Holland was presumably influenced by President Nasser's nationalistic financial policy. The two countries have long been closely connected through their common Islamic faith, and when Nasser was elected President, the Indonesian Prime Minister expressed in his congratulatory telegram the hope that his "well-known spirit will inspire the Arab world as well as Asia and Africa." President Sukarno is as nationalist as President Nasser, as dramatic and as demagogic. Since last April, when Indonesia unilaterally denounced the Round Table Conference Agreements which had kept her a financial satellite of Holland, extreme nationalist parties have urged the government to settle once and for all the financial relations between the two countries. The P.N.I. (Indonesian Nationalist Party, which can depend on presidential support) Congress last week made the same demand. But the country is in need of capital for its first five year plan and a draft bill on the question of foreign investments is before the Constituent Assembly. The high-handed accountancy involved in repudiating debts to Holland (however debatable some of them may be) may win the President and the P.N.I. congratulations from many of the Bandung powers and applause from emotional crowds on August 17 (Independence Day); but in the long run Indonesia's economy may be handicapped by this hasty step, and the President may find that he has unleashed extremist forces he will find difficult to control.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Congressional Record

Our Correspondent in Washington writes: Personalities play a far greater role in American politics than elsewhere. But the issues still count for something and the two parties tend to lean heavily during the campaign on their performances in the previous Congress. It is difficult to analyse the record of the Eighty-fourth Congress, which has just ended, because it was controlled by the Democrats, while the Administration was Republican. The result has been to divide responsibility for the legislative outcome, for Congress has alternated between support and resistance to the programmes of President Eisenhower. Resistance has not always come from the Democrats; in fact, more often than not the Democrats were aligned with Mr. Eisenhower against a powerful faction within his own party. The result is that the Democrats will be able to claim credit for those parts of the Eisenhower record which are popular and disassociate themselves from those parts which are not. This is why some political forecasters think that it is not impossible that Mr. Eisenhower may be re-elected as President while the Democrats might be returned to control of Congress—a phenomenon unparalleled in American history.

When the main issues of the session are examined, it is clear that most Democrats were constantly straining for broadly liberalising measures and that they were usually in conflict with the conservatives in their own ranks allied with the right-wing of the Republican Party. The weight of the Eisenhower Administration and its Republican supporters in Congress seems to have shifted back and forth in that conflict. Thus, it was the Democrats who, on balance, gave the President greater support on foreign aid, although some Southerners were the most ardent advocates of stringency in this field. On the other hand, the Democrats were defeated in their attempts to reduce income tax for the "little man"; all wings of the Republican Party were against such a reduction. One of the great struggles between the Democrats and the Administration was over the farm subsidy issue. The Democrats' Bill to provide high-level rigid price supports was vetoed by the President. Later, the compromise soil bank was adopted. As a result, funds are beginning to flow to hard-pressed farmers and reports from the agricultural states suggest that the farmers are feeling less resentful towards Republicans than they did a few months ago. But the Democrats will continue to picture themselves as the friends of the farmer. On the all-important issue of civil rights, a modest White House programme embodied in a bill was blocked by Senate Democrats from the South, while the Democrats improved social security benefits against the objection of the Administration, which had sought more limited changes.

Bucharest

No Water in the Wine

A Correspondent writes: The first congress of the Rumanian Writers' Union, founded in 1949, was an orderly affair. This was to be expected after the party leadership had dealt firmly with the "bourgeois-nationalist-anarchism" of Alexandru Jar, whose case was reported in your issue of June 23. There was little serious discussion apart from a quarrel between two literary cliques, one led by Zaharia Stancu and the other by the critic, Ovid Crokmalniceanu, in which Stancu complained that the critic had not ranked his novels *Barefoot* and *The Hounds* among the masterpieces of the regime, while Crokmalniceanu retorted that Stancu, who has great political "pull", had put "pressure" on the editorial boards of several magazines.

The tone of the congress was set by a message from the party central committee, which reaffirmed the "inspiration" of Soviet literature, and insisted that "Socialist realism ensures the most complete reflection of true objectivity. It has nothing in common with the bourgeois-objectivist attitude towards reality, or with the so-called theory of integral truth." Rumanian writers were urged to combat "liberal-nationalist" tendencies, and "to study seriously the objectives of the party, its general line . . . to mobilise the workers for the party's policy by means of their creative work". The only attack on the "cult of personality" was a brief mention from the Soviet fraternal delegate. In the final resolution, the congress simply repeated the slogans of the party "message"; it promised, in good Stalinist style, "to defend the ideological purity of our literature like the apple of our eyes".

Alexandru Jar was not present. But the first secretary of the Writers' Union, Mihail Beniuc, spent several hours rebutting Jar's ideas. Jar had said that the "Communist hero" in Rumanian writing was a stuffed dummy. Beniuc, in effect, admitted the truth of this charge, but argued that the fault lay with the inadequacy of the writers. Despite some distortions and abuses of the party line, Beniuc added, it permitted "everyone freely to employ his talent in the interests of the people". He attacked people who wanted "freedom" in order to make "surrealist somersaults or dance on a rope over a metaphysical abyss": the real freedom, Beniuc insisted, "is to serve the people, Socialism, peace . . . to co-exist in society and to free ourselves gradually from the yoke of exploitation." Such double-talk may have satisfied some of Beniuc's audience—everyone knows that Beniuc himself has had his troubles in trying to "co-exist"—but it seems that the sympathies of the younger writers lie with Jar. "More time is needed," Beniuc said, "to educate young writers for the fight against bourgeois ideology", because at their last conference many of them asked for "the whole truth" in literary creation, for "a complicated co-existence", which Beniuc interpreted as a "sort of peaceful co-existence applied to class relations in the period of Socialist construction". "Why," he asked, "should we put water in our wine?"

Nicosia

The Leaflet War

A Correspondent writes: An unusual feature of the campaign in Cyprus is the type of leaflet distributed by the security forces and by Eoka. One is struck by the high standard of the Eoka leaflets, which show that much thought has gone into composing them, and that they have been written by educated people with a good understanding of British attitudes. An Eoka leaflet entitled "British Soldiers! What are you fighting for?" was the first one issued, and the terrorists' case was clearly stated in language that might easily appeal to the young national serviceman who had not yet thought much about the rights or the wrongs of holding on to Cyprus. Part of it read: "We sought our freedom by peaceful means, but the ruler of your country having given to us certain promises he then deceived us. What did you want us to do then? Did you want us to deny all the ideals that the whole world is fighting for, the ideals that our ancestors were the first to teach to the world? This was impossible. We therefore took to arms and decided either to free ourselves or all die." Yet the leaflet had little hope of success because of the obvious untruths and exaggerations, which included calling Sir John Harding a madman who "being unable to defeat our resistance, incites you into the commission of acts incompatible with any moral law." It also accused British soldiers of beating women with the butts

NEXT WEEK

Pages from an Indian Diary
JOHN STRACHEY

Days on the Worker
CLAUD COCKBURN

V. S. PRITCHETT
writes on a new study of Arthur Koestler

of their guns and of killing seven-year-old boys. This might have been quite good propaganda among the villagers, but for obvious reasons had no effect on the British troops who were supposed to have committed these atrocities.

One of the latest leaflets, signed "The Leader, Digenis," and issued in the last week of May, was concerned with the supposed execution of hostages Gordon Hill and Ronnie Shilton. This was in perfect English—if anything, rather too perfect. The first paragraph was: "A few weeks ago we announced the execution of hostages Gordon Hill and Ronnie Shilton. It is an unpleasant subject and we would not have returned to it, were it not for the futile attempt of the military dictatorship to challenge the truth of our statement; that compels us to some further clarification, if only for the sake of the unfortunate families of the two men, who should not be left any longer uselessly in the anxiety of doubt."

The security forces also use leaflets and one of these was issued recently after the tragedy at Lapithos in which four Cypriot children under eight years old were killed or maimed by an Eoka bomb which had exploded as they played with it. The leaflet told what happened and described the casualties, which included a three-year-old girl who had lost both her arms and legs. It ended with an appeal to the mothers of Cyprus, "How long is this sort of thing to go on? How long is the irresponsible taking of human life to go on? It will continue until the day when all the mothers of Cyprus have the courage to say 'Enough.' Until the day when the mothers and fathers of all Cypriot children stand up and shout 'Stop The Bloodshed'."

The terrorist leaflets had no effect whatsoever on the troops. They were distributed by half-terrified youths who were in such a hurry that they left the leaflets in heaps rather than spread them around. I was with a night patrol in Lapithos when a pile of about 60 was found which had been hurriedly dumped outside the police station when a patrol was approaching.

The British leaflets probably had more effect because there was never any attempt in them to exaggerate. I stayed in Lapithos with a platoon of the 1st Battalion, the Wiltshire Regiment, stationed there because it was a particularly troublesome place. The reaction to the British leaflets had been mixed. When they were distributed two days before I arrived many of the villagers had torn them up or had refused to accept them. However, some had been read and the tragedy seemed to be having a softening effect. The villagers in Souli Square, where the children had lived, had always turned their backs or glared in a surly manner at British troops, but now they were at least taking a slight interest in the patrols and occasionally granted a half-hearted greeting.

Both Eoka and the Security Forces realise the importance of winning over the villager. The amount of bomb throwing, rioting and shooting should never be taken as indicative of the success or failure of the campaign. The aim of the British administration is to alienate the sympathies of the villagers from the hard-core terrorist.

Westminster

The Price of Waterhouse

"Whenever the House stands adjourned and it is represented to Mr. Speaker by Her Majesty's Ministers that the public interest requires that the House should meet at any earlier time during the adjournment, Mr. Speaker, if he is satisfied that the public interest does so require, may give notice that he is so satisfied and thereupon the House shall meet at the time stated in such notice."

This Standing Order 112, as involved and verbose as a Privy Councillor's speech, has been used twice since the war—in September, 1949, when Sir Stafford Cripps devalued the pound and in September 1950 when Earl Attlee extended National Service from 18 to 24 months and increased defence expenditure to meet our needs in Korea. It may be used again this September.

Colonel Nasser's nationalisation of the Suez Canal seems to have surprised the House of Commons, except possibly Captain Waterhouse and his group who, at all times, expect the worst from Egypt. Certainly, only a few days before, and even after our decision not to finance the Aswan dam, both Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd were talking of our improved relations with Egypt. When caught without a policy, they reacted like Pavlov's dogs or else deliberately capitulated to Waterhouse, who might otherwise have overthrown them. Anyway, they prepared to use force, without considering whether they had sufficient force or how their threat of force would look in the United Nations.

The opposition seemed equally rudderless. The few Members who turned up to the Foreign Affairs committee on the Tuesday at once asked the Parliamentary Committee to summon a special meeting of the Parliamentary Party. But there was said to be "no time"; and on the Thursday the party found itself committed by Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, interestingly backed on this occasion by Mr. Herbert Morrison, to general support of the government.

At first, this support was made easier by the government's decision to press for internationalisation of the Canal. Labour, though it did nothing about it when it was in office, has been vaguely in favour of internationalisation for many years and has been more definitely so since Egypt, in defiance of all agreements, succeeded in blocking the canal to Israeli ships. So even though an obvious answer to the government was: "Why, if you now believe in internationalisation, did you not propose it before?" Labour took the proposal on trust. *Tribune* was the first to leap to the attack.

Since the House rose, however, there has been a reaction. The threat to use force, which united the Conservative 1922 Committee and produced even in the House itself a smuggish feeling that the old lion could still roar, was less well received in the country, where war is never popular and where some people still take seriously our United Nations commitment to settle disputes peacefully. Hints by government speakers and statements by Conservative newspapers, notably the *Daily Telegraph*, about what the government really meant by internationalisation—the addition to the Canal Company's board of representatives of some other nations including the United States and, subject to good behaviour, of Egypt—seemed to be not internationalisation but merely a slight widening of big power control. Sections of the Labour Party, therefore, have become seriously alarmed. *Tribune* is no longer alone.

Six Labour M.P.s who happened to be available in London on Sunday afternoon met at Mr. Sidney Silverman's house and drafted a statement, since sent to the press with many other signatures. The signatories say that they will not support any use of force which is not sanctioned by the Security Council under the United Nations charter. They also state that the international control of all international waterways, including Suez, would be an important contribution to world peace.

I believe that the majority of the Labour Party now supports the first point and that a considerable number, including all the signatories, would

go even further on the second. They would say categorically that international control means control, not by a few selected powers, but by all nations working through the United Nations, and that such control must be extended to a number of key world points besides Suez, including the Panama Canal, the Dardanelles and possibly Gibraltar. But if Britain refuses to discuss Gibraltar and the United States refuses to consider the internationalisation of the Panama Canal, it would hardly be surprising if Nasser refuses to consider the internationalisation of Suez. And what happens then?

Officially the House of Commons is recalled by the Speaker after representations by the government. But the opposition has the right to make representations to the government and in fact did so as recently as January of this year, when Gaitskell suggested that the House might be recalled a week early to discuss, oddly enough, the supply of arms to Egypt. If the London conference is deadlocked, the government will probably request a recall without opposition pressure. But in the meantime it might be a good idea if the opposition recalled itself so that individual members of it may have their say in trying to stop the threatened Waterhouse war.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

The Swing Towards Sanity

After a week of mobilisation, punctuated by plethoric grunts of triumph by Tory backbenchers, one insidious little question insistently intrudes itself upon the British public. What exactly is all this force meant to achieve? No one from Peking and Delhi to Washington and the Carlton Club can seriously deny that Nasser is within his rights in nationalising the Suez Company. No one denies that if Nasser were to block the passage of ships in the Canal, the nation against which he discriminated would have the legal right to send warships into the Canal. (This right remains a right even though it is only now, when Britain's own position is threatened, that we criticise Egypt for its long continued and flagrantly illegal discrimination against Israel.) But if Nasser does not stop the free passage in the Canal—and the government cannot bank on his being foolish enough to do so—what really is intended? Sir Anthony declared that mobilisation was to meet all contingencies. What other contingencies, except interference with shipping in the Canal, could justify military action? And if action is contemplated, what form would it take? Nasser cannot be compelled to "denationalise" the Suez Company as if it were so much British steel.

The most menacing symptom is that *The Times* has been as hysterical as the Beaverbrook press. Though in the last resort *The Times* always comes down on the side of the Establishment, it usually waits to find some moral reason to justify warlike measures. During the last week it has read as if it were once again the property of Lord Northcliffe. Its leading article of August 3 was headed "Resisting the Aggressor," though what aggression had been committed it did not tell us. It mocked at Sir Anthony's decision to call a conference and seemed to regret that "decisive acts" would be postponed. It declared that the government had to take care "not to appear an aggressor, showing that in fact they are resisting an aggressor, basing their actions on the United Nations Charter (as many members insisted), but not shrinking from any measure needed to remove the threat from the Canal". It rebuked those who wanted to "quibble" about legalities.

No wonder that *The Times* correspondence columns carried letters of magisterial rebuke. Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, who writes with high authority, pointed out that Sir Anthony Eden had been unwise in saying that we could not tolerate the Canal's being left "under the unfettered control of Egypt", since in fact the Canal runs through Egyptian territory and always had been and must be used subject to Egypt's physical control. "There is a good deal," he said, "of wild talk about the use of force." We could not maintain our 100,000 troops in the Canal Zone; we withdrew them because they had to be "largely confined to their cantonments, and could not have prevented sabotage of the Canal or Canal traffic", and even so were always liable to be driven out if the Egyptians cut the Sweet-water Canal. In short, any use of force would involve occupying Egypt as a whole, an operation against an armed and nationally aroused Egypt which, in these days, would not be seriously advised by any responsible soldier. On August 8 Sir Ralph Stevenson, recently ambassador in Cairo, emphatically endorsed Sir Frederick's argument and *The Times* was reduced to the lamest legal quibbling to justify its former contempt for legality.

Other voices have been raised in an attempt to recall the advocates of force to their senses. The *News Chronicle* (belatedly, but now decisively, supported by the *Daily Herald*) has reminded Liberal and Labour England of our duty as members of the United Nations, while the *Manchester Guardian* has published a series of articles worthy of its past tradition of reasoned common sense. Thus the public now knows that this country will be arraigned as an aggressor if we attack Egypt without legal right, however much the government attempts to follow the advice of *The Times* and tries to avoid "appearing to be an aggressor". There is no answer to the *Manchester Guardian's* simple statement that "if there is a threat to peace —and any circumstances which may call for an invasion of Egypt cannot be anything else—it must be brought before the United Nations".

The pretence, particularly beloved by the *Daily Telegraph*, that there is national unity about coercing Egypt has been blown sky-high. The group of Labour MPs, whose manifesto was published this week, certainly represents the majority feeling of the rank-and-file. No less significant was a letter from Mr. Denis Healey and Mr. Douglas Jay in *The Times* of August 7. They belong to the right wing of the Labour Party, and are close associates of Mr. Gaitskell, who must by now be horrified by the praises which the Tory press have heaped upon him for his support of the government in last week's debate. They express themselves as shocked by the suggestion in *The Times* that "quibbling over" legal issues "will delight the finicky and comfort the faint-hearted". These, they point out, are not quibbles in the eyes of most civilised nations. They could be used with equal plausibility if China invades Hong Kong or Russia wishes to justify an attack on Finland or Persia. They might have added that they are precisely the Kaiser's excuse for tearing up the Belgian scrap of paper in 1914.

There are many other signs that Britain is coming to its senses. We do not believe that England will go to war because Nasser has, quite legally, anticipated the inevitable day (dated 12 years off at most) when Cairo would take over the shares of the Suez Canal Company. What Nasser has done is to make clear a situation in which a more imaginative people might have long recognised. The old imperialist nations of the West have long lived on the assumption that by right of past conquest they are in a position to impose their will on the less developed parts of the world. Because the Attlee government understood this fact in time we avoided a ruinous and dishonourable war against the whole subcontinent of India, while the French have lost their Far Eastern empire because they were not prepared to face the facts of the post-war world. The West lost everything in China because the Americans, by backing the Kuomintang, threw Chinese nationalism on to the side of Communism. The same anti-colonial movement is at work throughout the Far East and Africa, and, most insistently at the moment, in the Middle East. Nothing could be more significant than that the Iraqi Prime Minister, hitherto regarded as the one reliable pro-British element in Iraq, is openly supporting Nasser. Iraq may shortly follow the example of Jordan.

Those who argue that what is at stake in our treatment of President Nasser is the future security of British oil supplies from the Middle East are almost certainly right. If Britain and France were indeed to go to war with Egypt, we should have against us not only the Asian members of the Commonwealth, who are at present our friends, but every Moslem country from Indonesia to Morocco. Then indubitably we should lose our oil supplies. Ironically enough, Mr. Dulles, who was once induced by the British to see the folly of attempting to crush Asian nationalism by force, now sees the folly of any British and French attempt to coerce Middle Eastern nationalism by force. It is to be hoped that his caution on this occasion will be as helpful as British caution was about Indo-China.

It is hard for imperial powers to face their new situation. Nasser has acted rashly and provocatively. But a solution beneficial both to the Middle East and to ourselves is still possible. It involves a frank recognition of the sovereignty of countries which we have been accustomed to treat as satellites. It involves a new type of contract with Egypt and with all Middle Eastern nations. Sooner or later—and it may not be long —we shall have to make a new commercial agreement with Middle Eastern powers which may be less favourable than the concessions we have had in the past. We shall have, in fact, to buy our oil on a normal commercial basis as other countries do. We shall also have to ensure that the oil reaches us. If we are sensible we shall have all the world on our side about the free passage of the Suez Canal. It is an international and not only a national interest. It can legally and forcibly be maintained if Nasser attempts to interfere with it. Our object should be to find an international solution for the Suez—and for all the great "narrow waterways". There are other possibilities if we doubt Egypt's good faith in the future. Other outlets can be found to the sea, and large tankers, if necessary, can take oil round the Cape as they already do in time of war. We need not fear Middle Eastern hostility to Britain if we recognise the sovereignty of the countries in which oil is found, and do not leave it wholly to the Russians to take our place as a power which is willing to help their legitimate aspirations for development. We can still convince the world, of which we are no longer masters, that the chauvinism of *The Times* has been but a last flicker of an outdated imperialism. It is not the spirit of post-war John Bull.

Kingsley Martin

The Weakness of Force

"Now! Send troops to smash Nasser." This was the demand voiced a week ago by a prominent Tory M.P. Leaving aside its futility as a long-term act of policy, the question arises: Is it even possible? Naturally the public knows we have spent over £6,000m on defence in the last four years; and measuring this expenditure against the reputed feebleness of the Egyptians, it tends to assume that Nasser could be eliminated overnight. The facts are by no means so comforting. Although the end of such a war might not be in doubt, its course—as so often in our history—might not go according to plan.

Let us set out exactly what Britain could at present put into the field. (We may be sure that both the Pentagon and the Kremlin know exactly what we have available; and it is a sad comment on our leadership that the rest of the world should know a lot more about our military affairs than the people of Britain.) First consider the army. The Cyprus garrison has been greatly increased in recent months. The ten infantry battalions, the Parachute Brigade and the Royal Horse Guards, equipped with armoured cars, which constitute the garrison, have been dealing with internal security; but they include some part of the strategic reserve that it was hoped to hold in the United Kingdom. These forces are now to be supplemented by the 1st Battalion Somerset Light Infantry, 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment, 21st and 50th Medium Regiments R.A., as well as by the 1st Battalion Royal Suffolk Regiment, which was already under orders for Cyprus as part of a normal relief. It is reported that the Life Guards, a battalion of the Grenadier Guards and the 1st Battalion Welsh Guards, are also to be sent, together with the 42nd Commando, Royal Marines. In addition, units of the Royal Signals, R.E.M.E., R.A.S.C. and R.A.O.C. will join them; and, when all these movements have been completed, the only formation which will remain in the U.K. at anything like operational strength will be the 24th Independent Infantry Brigade, composed of the 1st Battalion South Lancashire Regiment, the 1st Battalion Loyal Regiment and the 1st Battalion Durham Light Infantry. In addition to the forces in Cyprus, the 10th Armoured Division in Tripoli consists of the Queens Bays (equipped with Centurion tanks), the 5th Royal Tanks, the 3rd Royal Horse Artillery and the 60th Rifles. To complete the story, the 10th Hussars and one company of the Middlesex Regiment are stationed in Jordan.

For some time the War Office has been faced with growing difficulties in finding infantry reinforcements for overseas garrisons. Last June *The Times* reported that the 21st and 50th Medium Regiments R.A., and the 15th and 43rd Light Anti-Aircraft Regiments, had been ordered to fit themselves for emergency work as infantry battalions. "That four artillery regiments should be standing by for internal security duties overseas as if they were infantry battalions," said *The Times*, "shows how hard pressed the army is to find infantry units, when so many are tied down in Cyprus, Malaya and elsewhere. The army has, in effect, run out of infantry." This was the position, note, even before we had a threat of war on our hands.

The state of the R.A.F. is even worse. There is not a single squadron of swept-wing fighters in the Middle East—a fact that the government has not denied. All that has been said officially is that "this is a matter which can be put right very rapidly owing to the range and mobility of modern fighters." While this is true, the statement is not so reassuring as it seems. We have about 1,000 Hunters, of which so far some 400 are deployed in 25 first line squadrons. The first thing to notice about the Hunter is that it was designed as an interceptor fighter, and is not yet equipped for the rocket-strafing of ground targets. In other words, the function of those now in service is to gain and maintain air superiority; and the question which must be asked is how effective they would likely to be in that limited role. If we rule out Israel as a fighter base—and the Israelis are hardly likely to give us facilities when they know that the Egyptians could immediately bomb their cities—the only alternative is Cyprus. The Hunters would thus have to operate 300 miles from their airfields and would certainly have to be fitted with additional fuel tanks. Even with these, they would be able to stay over Egyptian territory for a short time only.

They would be opposed, not by obsolete aircraft, but by the Mig 15—one of the finest aircraft in the world. Some British experts believe that Egyptian pilots have neither the will nor the skill to make the most of such an advanced machine; and they may be right. All the same it is worth remembering that Tito has put a training school at Nasser's disposal; and, in any case, there is always the possibility that some of the Migs might be flown by "foreign volunteers." Equally important as the skill of the pilots is the question whether the Mig 15s which have been supplied to the Egyptians are equipped with radar-ranging gun sights. An American F 86 E was captured intact during the Korean war, and it is known that the later versions of the Mig 15, 16 and 17 have this equipment installed. If those supplied to Egypt are up to date, they would, with average pilots, be more than a match for the Hunters. Thus the task of establishing air superiority, if the Hunters were forced to operate from Cyprus, would be an extremely hazardous one.

It may be argued that aircraft flying from aircraft carriers could provide sufficient cover. Unfortunately our naval planes are as obsolete as the Vampires and Meteors which comprise our present air strength in the Middle East. The naval Sea Hawks could probably tackle the 40 Ilyushin 28 bombers which the Egyptians have bought from Russia; but they would stand no chance against the Mig 15s.

The Conservative M.P. who demanded that we should smash Nasser probably had in mind an airborne operation in which the Parachute Brigade in Cyprus would seize Egyptian airfields and open a link with an amphibious force. The prospects, however, are not encouraging. Despite loans to the R.A.F. from the civil aviation companies, our transport aircraft are too small and too few. At the most, we have 150 Valettas, 70 or 80 Hastings, some improvised Shackletons and perhaps 100 Vickers Varsity's—which, in any case, are really only trainers. These aircraft could be used to transport troops to the Middle East, and some could, of course, be used to drop paratroops. But what would happen to them if they were tackled by the Mig 15s is too fearful to contemplate. The alternative to operations based upon Cyprus is for a ground attack to be launched from Libya. This can be ruled out as a short-term possibility, since the units comprising the 10th Armoured Division are too few and too widely dispersed to undertake such an operation for some months.

The conclusion must be faced that the threat of war immediately brings nations up against painful realities. And the truth facing us is that, despite the expenditure of fantastic sums of money since 1951, the reconquest of Egypt might be a long, and would certainly be a very expensive, business. Sir Anthony Eden may well reflect at this moment that those who start wars are seldom in command at the end.

GEORGE WIGG

London Diary

Since the *Titanic* went down, passenger liners carry enough lifeboats, but the *Andrea Doria* disaster suggests that even now designers have not given enough thought to their position or to the methods of launching them. There is no guarantee that a sinking ship will settle down steadily on an even keel. If this collision had not taken place near other ships and in a calm sea, very many of the passengers or crew might have been lost; many lifeboats could not be launched, even though the listing ship took many hours to sink. Secondly, I wonder whether captains approaching crowded shipping lines in bad weather ought not to be required to fix their positions regularly by radio beam, and broadcast these "fixes" to other boats in the area? As it is now, when a collision occurs nobody can tell whether either captain was obeying the sea rules for proceeding in fog. Too often, I gather, they push on in order to keep to tightly drawn sailing schedules, and do not slow down, continually using their foghorns. Perhaps the knowledge that they are protected by radar makes them more careless about the old-fashioned precautions? Anyway, I notice that there have been more than 6,000 collisions between vessels over 500 tons in the last five years.

* * *

The story of the cruel, wanton and wholesale massacre of wild life in Africa is terrible and seldom told. A memorable exception was H. G. Wells' account of the destruction of the quagga—a lovely beast which Q used to stand for in animal picture books when I was a child. Later in my boyhood, when (just before the first world war) I spent six months in South Africa, I never walked on the veldt without seeing a variety of buck. Today Alan Moorehead, who has come back from Africa filled with informed and justified anger, says the destruction is going on so fast that outside the national parks it will soon be impossible to see anything wild larger than a rabbit. But the most horrifying fact that he gave in his talk on the Granada TV Network the other day was that even in the game reserves, organised gangs of poachers are daily engaged on the work of extermination. In one Kenya park, he says, 50 elephants are being killed each month. The job is done with poisoned arrows; the poor beasts dash away to die in agony. Their tusks are sawn off and smuggled out of the country mainly by Indian traders. When the Africans who do the job are caught they are fined or gaoled, but nothing is done to the traders. Giraffes, which are of all animals the loveliest to see in a state of nature—if you go into the park just outside Nairobi a herd of them will come and put their noses down to examine your car—are being murdered at an appalling rate for the sake of the few shillings that can be got for their hair, which is made into twine; and whole herds of wildebeest are being wiped out so that their tails may be made into fly-whisks. A particularly macabre detail is that herds of zebras are being hamstrung so that they can be killed off at leisure by the poachers. Forty of them, Moorehead says, were found the other day limping about looking for water. The remedy appears to be to supply the parks with a large number of wardens. So far the governments of

Kenya and Tanganyika have not seen their way to foot the bill.

* * *

I try to follow social changes in China through translations of the Chinese press. Here is an oddly revealing complaint from five members of "intellectual families" to the editor of *Chung Kuo Ching Nien Pao*. They say "they feel miserable all day long" because of restrictions which do not allow them to solve their "matrimonial problems." An official in authority over them stipulates that they cannot go courting or get engaged or married without approval of their organisation; that they mustn't marry a woman who is not either a Communist or a Democratic League member, and that they mustn't marry any woman who comes from landlord or rich peasant stock. When they protested they were told that without such regulations "it is impossible to deal with intellectuals," and that they would be expelled from the party if they disobeyed. "Even so, they wouldn't be allowed to be married." As a result they "shy away" from their women comrades—and this when they are "in their prime"! In reply the editor declares that the official is wrong, that the one and only Chinese marriage law stipulates complete freedom of choice, and that these intellectuals should fight for their rights. I wish I knew the background of such a letter and answer. Do individual members of the C.P. and the Democratic League suddenly make such a complaint to a Communist newspaper and get such a reply? If they dare to do so, what stops them flouting their local bureaucrat in the first place? What is the relation between the different parties to this illuminating little dispute? Does the local bureaucrat now get the sack?

* * *

I have in front of me some agreeable coloured cards that will do well for Christmas or any other special occasion. They don't at first look very remarkable, but when you examine them you will see that each one is labelled as an original painting done with the mouth or foot. They are reproductions by Painted Postcards, Ltd., (9 Inverness Place, London, W.2), which is an association of painters who have no arms. Some of them lost the use of their limbs from polio or infantile paralysis. One of the artists, I notice, was born without arms. To have achieved this accuracy and skill with a brush held in the lips or between toes is one of the most remarkable examples of human resolution and perseverance that I have ever come across.

* * *

The case of the lady who combed her dog in the park (she refused to pick up the combings when a keeper told her to) had a sequel in the House of Commons last week, when the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works said in a written answer that, in effect, keepers in the royal parks have all the powers of constables. This means, among other things, that they can arrest anyone they find infringing the parks regulations who also refuses his name and address. Looking through the vast list of little things you mustn't do in Hyde Park, I think this ought to be better known, as an aspect of the present concern with personal liberty. You must not, for example, give a penny to a beggar, wash your smalls in the Serpentine, or climb any tree. As soon as you get into the park you must switch off your car radio, and if you want to pull up for a minute after dark to admire the distant lights of London you must make up your mind three or four months in advance in order to get the written permission of the Minister of Works. Do not imagine, either, that you can go in there and sort rags, harry fish, tell fortunes, or whisper racing tips in the ears of passers-by. I don't know, of course, the kind of thing you might want to do there, but at any rate you now have the assurance of the Ministry of Works that you may be arrested for doing it. If you absolutely must climb trees, sort rags, or "practise military evolutions" in there, the best thing to do when the keeper arrives is to give him a false name and address. He must accept these for the time being, and can only go into action again when your perfidy is unmasked. By that time you can be sorting your rags in another park.

* * *

Hearing and reading the weather forecasts may well have been enough to keep holiday-making families from going to the South Coast for the Bank Holiday weekend. Yet those who actually went to such spots as Brighton or Eastbourne will have read newspaper accounts of hail and snow at Tunbridge Wells with astonishment, almost with incredulity. I never walked on the Downs in lovelier weather or with a clearer view. Friday was a jolly day, sunny, even if a bit chilly and windy until the evening. Saturday was a day of warm sunshine; I bathed in the sea with great content. As for Sunday and Monday, they were days of enchanting weather. Nothing interfered with the local cricket; our village lost, by not too great a margin, to Sir John Squire's famous team. Sir John did not play himself. (He is now seventy-two. This, I think, is the first year he has failed to bat.) Talking to some of his team in the tea interval, I learned with surprise that they had not all read A. G. Macdonell's *England, Their England*, which describes what must be the most remarkable of all the matches ever played by Squire's Eleven. Incidentally, it also gives a delicious account of the *New Statesman* office in the days when Desmond MacCarthy was dramatic critic and Sir John Squire was writing—mainly, if Macdonell is to be believed, in the local pub—the Books in General page under the name of Solomon Eagle.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Holidaymakers who take their own beach chairs on to the sands at Ilfracombe will have to pay to sit on them, the council there decided last night. It was reported that the contractor who had obtained the right to let chairs found that the public were bringing their own. And this, he said, was unfair trading.—*Evening News*. (D. D. Libman.)

British quarters drew attention also to French statements denying that French policy at this juncture is directed against the Arab world or the Egyptian people, or is dictated by defence of private financial interests.—*Manchester Guardian*. (J. Blunt.)

The Duke of Edinburgh is serving God in one way when he reads the lessons in church on Sunday morning. He is serving God in another way—but equally well—by playing his hardest at polo on Sunday afternoons, says a London vicar.—*Evening Chronicle*. (T. P. S. Prudham.)

The library, as a token of the moral superiority of some of its subscribers, makes out cards for the borrowing of serious books in the name of "So-and-So, Esq.", and for lighter fiction to "Mr. So-and-So."—*Daily Telegraph*. (C. Anderson.)

Rochdale is to have a mobile barbecue at its centenary celebrations on Sept. 8. Because the site chosen for it in the town centre is in a smokeless zone a whole ox will be roasted nearby on a trailer and towed over the border when the smoke has died down.—*Daily Telegraph*. (G. W. Green.)

In Chinese Turkestan

TRAVELLERS to the far north-western regions of China have generally found them hard to reach and worse to cross. From the bare narratives of Younghusband to the archæological diaries of Stein, Le Coq, and half-a-dozen other notable discoverers, and latterly to the travel books of Professor Lattimore and Mr. Fleming—a mere 25 and 20 years ago—there rises a dusty clamour of dispute with guides, officials, interpreters, and thieves that tends to obscure (and sometimes does so altogether) all else these travellers may have heard or seen. The place and the people emerge as mere incidentals to the sheer difficulty of moving from A to B: often enough, they are flat figures in a vaguely told background.

Reading back, one can see why. Wrote the last grand mandarin of Sinkiang to a Swedish missionary 23 years ago: "At Barkul, Hami, and Lop Nor, the soldiers stand as thick as trees in a wood. . . . Even the song of the birds or the soughing of the wind is enough to alarm these soldiers and incite them to acts of violence. No one can therefore assume responsibility for the safety of travellers in these districts. . . ." A few years earlier, at Urumchi, Mr. Lattimore had ventured into the streets after dark only "with a servant going before me with a lantern, because that is the rule, after the city gates have been closed, and both of us provided with sticks, to fend off the packs of ours. . . ."

Lately I have had the chance of travelling in a solitary way through a little of this wide north-western region that separates Chinese from Soviet Central Asia, and Tibet from Mongolia, and makes, with its burning desert rocks and its grand ring of mountains, one of the scenic marvels of the world. I suppose I travelled about 5,000 miles in Sinkiang by air and road and horseback. But I ought to say that I suffered no hardships and passed through no dangers: it is a measure of the way things have changed here that once I had received permission from Peking (and Peking, as I understand, had cleared it with Urumchi, for Sinkiang is now a self-governing region), I travelled without let or hindrance. It seems to me that no previous western traveller has ever had such opportunities of understanding—as well as one may without knowing any of the Turkic languages—the condition of the people of this remote country.

After some 20 years of continuous rebellion and repression, the province of Sinkiang—which is much larger than Tibet and has four times as many people—was "peacefully liberated" in September, 1949. What happened there then may prove a model, indeed, for what may eventually happen in Taiwan. The Kuomintang commanding general, T'ao Shih-yueh, broadcast an appeal for peaceful change. The People's Liberation Army marched in to join the Sinkiang rebels; and most of the ruling officials stayed where they were. T'ao himself is still the second-in-command of the Sinkiang military region. Burhan, chairman of the Sinkiang provincial government until its status was enlarged last October, had occupied leading positions under the Kuomintang: today he is still a vice-premier of China, and has lately led a government delegation to Moslem countries in the Middle East. One or two KMT veterans, like the Uighur commanding general in the Hami oasis, an old ruffian called Yolbaz, bucked against the new regime: most quietly accepted it and, so far as one can tell today, did so with a sigh of relief. Now at last the bloodshed could end.

Like Inner Mongolia some years earlier, and Tibet some years later, Sinkiang presented the Chinese Communists with a challenge to many established attitudes. Although Chinese imperial armies came here first in the second century B.C., there was no intensive Chinese control between the end of the T'ang in the 10th Century and the later decades of the 19th Century. The non-Chinese peoples of Sinkiang—three-quarters Uighur, but also Kazakh and Kirghiz and Tatar and Uzbek and Tadjik and some others—could look back on a great deal of history of their own. But for more than half a century before 1949 they had suffered badly at Chinese hands. From all the information I could gather it seems clear that by 1949 the peoples of this province were nearing the last stages of destitution.

In these circumstances the new regime adopted a programme with two main stages. The first was straightforward relief. I am told that some 95 per cent. of the revenues of the Sinkiang provincial government, in the first year of the change, were contributed by Peking. It was discovered that the whole province had only six qualified doctors: others were sent in from China proper, and by the end of last year there were nearly one hundred. Groups of "cadres"—what we should call civil servants—came in from China proper to run the new administration and train emergency teams of local people. At the same time it was planned to build the institutions through which these Sinkiang people could learn to run their own affairs; and these plans are now growing ripe.

It seems that Sinkiang will be one of the richest mineral-yielding regions of Asia, at least in oil and coal and iron ore and copper and several other useful metals, including uranium. And now at Urumchi they showed me a new mining institute which is to produce its first batch of 120 graduates this year. This institute has 140 professors and instructors (mostly Chinese, but some of them from the U.S.S.R.), and 918 pupils: of these pupils, about 350 are from the non-Chinese peoples of Sinkiang. In the field of medicine they are building what I am told will be among the biggest and best-equipped medical universities in Asia: by 1967 it is to produce 1,680 qualified doctors for Sinkiang alone. In 1949 Sinkiang had about 200,000 children in elementary schools: a proportion that was lower than British Central Africa and not much higher than the level of the worst European colonies in Africa. There were next to no secondary schools and no chances of higher education. Now it is a good deal better; although still far behind China proper. By the end of 1955 there were about 400,000 children in elementary schools; since 1949, secondary school pupils increased from 8,000 to 37,000.

The difficulties are not small. At the Sinkiang arts college in Urumchi I spent a day talking to students; and their stories opened new windows on Central Asia. I remember a man of 23 from the foothills of the Altai—another of the vast mountain ranges that traverse Central Asia—who is now completing a five-year course in physics and mathematics. This was a very handsome lad whose fine black eyes lifted a little at the corners, and whose strong boned face was full of character and shrewd cunning. He would shortly graduate and begin teaching in a secondary school; and he looked as though he would do it well. But his background is the life of Kazakh stockbreeding nomads: to reach his college in Urumchi he rides hard for the whole of one day from his family's yurts—in wintertime near the foot of the Altai—and then takes a bus for another five days across the Djungarian steppes. It cannot have been easy to provide him with a means of reaching higher education.

Like other young people in China he is in any case caught up in changes of a continental magnitude. All that is changing in China proper is also changing here, out on the rim of Middle Asia, although not with the same speed or the same precision. In the distant oases of southern Sinkiang, as far as Yarkand where the old caravan road of long ago turned up to cross the High Pamir into Bactria and northern India, one hears the same changes being talked over, and sees the same changes in process, as one may see and hear elsewhere in China. Land reform was somewhat later—not completed until the end of 1953—but apparently no less thorough. The old *begs* and *bais* have disappeared; and, with them, the whole system of primitive feudalism, Chinese "indirect rule," *chakar* labour which was really slave labour, servitude and misery for which they stood.

And from land reform these Uighur peasants of the oasis belt around the Takla Makan Desert have proceeded with only a brief halt to producers' co-operation. I came across small oases, such as that of Kizil to the south of Kashgar, that are now entirely worked by peasant families in co-operation. This means, of course, a vastly more efficient use of irrigation water than was ever possible so long as one or two big landowners (who were also the local bosses) could control the supply. Mehmeti Min, the secretary of the Kashgar local government, told me that average wheat yields have increased since 1949 from about 97lb a *mou* to about 240lb.

The changes, none the less, are only just beginning. "Wait until the railway is here" is almost a refrain in Sinkiang today. The railway is coming on fast across the Gobi; meanwhile, so are the trucks that use the road. At the Hami oasis, when I was leaving Sinkiang, I stood by the roadside and watched heavy trucks coming in after their long haul across the western Gobi from railhead in Kansu. These trucks came by with a sense of thirst and thrust about them, spurting dust, their drivers' faces cracked with the strain of it; but little red banners flew in triumph from their cabin roofs. Most are going north full and returning south empty. This is the opening of China's Far North West.

"Any camel caravans still going?"

No, not one. The camel caravans across Ningsia, the old desert road to Turkestan, stopped ten years ago and more. And where could be the profit or the sense in using camels now? The trucks are there, pounding up and down that pitiless road. The railway will glitter into Hami by next March.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Gerald and Mr. Norris

The following article will form the preface of a new autobiographical sketch by Gerald Hamilton, shortly to be published under the title of "Mr. Norris and I."

Now and then I am asked if the character of "Mr. Norris" in my novel *Mr. Norris Changes Trains* (*The Last of Mr. Norris*, in America) is based on my old friend Gerald Hamilton. Sometimes I answer "No" to this question, sometimes "Yes"—according to my mood and the suspected motives of the questioner. Neither answer is more than partially true.

What do most of us mean when we say that we know someone well? We mean that we have constructed a mental image of that person, a sort of robot which functions adequately, except perhaps in revealing moments of crisis, and thereby saves us the fatigue of continually wondering what our friend is "really like." We have decided, once and for all, what he is like—arbitrarily accepting certain aspects of his personality and rejecting others—and our robot embodies our decision.

It follows, therefore, that any connection between a live person and a character in a novel is at a double remove. Between Gerald and Mr. Norris stands the robot, Gerald-as-I-choose-to-see-him. It is from such a robot, and never directly from a live person, that a character in a novel must be adapted and developed.

I have stated these obvious truths because they are too frequently forgotten or wilfully ignored. The inquisitive and the malicious are eager to discover in every novel a *roman à clef*. But their miserable little key fits nothing but the broken padlock of their own discretion; it will never open the doors of life or of art. How, indeed, *can* a fictional character "be" a live person? They inhabit two different worlds and breathe two different kinds of atmosphere. Just imagine poor Gerald trying to participate in the impossibly melodramatic plots of Mr. Norris and his fellow-conspirators! His prudent and fastidious nature would shrink in horror from such irresponsible antics. Just imagine Mr. Norris daring to substitute himself as host at one of Gerald's inimitable lunches! His attempts at conversation would expose him instantly as a puppet who had lost his ventriloquist.

When I came to Germany in 1929, I was twenty-four years old and in many respects very immature for my age. One of my chief motives for wanting to visit Berlin was that an elderly relative had warned me against it, saying that it was the vilest place since Sodom. For months I had been day-dreaming of it as unrealistically as a child dreams of the jungle; he hopes to meet tigers and pythons there, but doesn't expect them to hurt him. A favourite quotation of mine at that time—I chose to take it altogether out of the context of the play—was Iago's

> There's many a beast then, in a populous city,
> And many a civil monster.

I arrived in Berlin on the lookout for civil monsters. And, since my imagination had very little contact with reality, I soon persuaded myself that I had found several.

What repels me now about *Mr. Norris* is its heartlessness. It is a heartless fairy-story about a real city in which human beings were suffering the miseries of political violence and near-starvation. The "wickedness" of Berlin's night-life was of a most pitiful kind; the kisses and embraces, as always, had price-tags attached to them, but here the prices were drastically reduced in the cutthroat competition of an over-crowded market. (I remember hearing of a boy who told a psychiatrist quite seriously that he was "homosexual—for economic reasons"!) As for the "monsters," they were quite ordinary human beings prosaically engaged in getting their living by illegal methods. The only genuine monster was the young foreigner who passed gaily through these scenes of desolation, misinterpreting them to suit his childish fantasy. This I later began to understand—which is why my second book about Berlin is at least somewhat better than my first.

Berlin was only one of the many scenes of my meetings with Gerald. I can picture him more clearly against other, more recent backgrounds: straw-hatted on the beach at Ostend; enlivening a party of friends in the torture-chamber at The Hague, where we had taken shelter during a

rain-storm; involved in a grotesque plumbing-disaster at Sintra, caused by his almost surgical standards of cleanliness; holding forth against the evils of smoking, in his London flat. How little that well-known face has changed in the passing of twenty-five years! The cheeks are, if anything, more innocently rosy than ever; bespeaking an untroubled digestion or conscience, or both. Time has added few wrinkles, and has taken nothing away—nothing but a mere artificial adjunct; and most of us agree that Gerald looks much more distinguished without it. To be frank, it never fitted perfectly. They seldom do.

Here, Heaven knows, is no monster. But the word "civil" is certainly applicable—though not in the sense in which Iago uses it. If there is anything essentially of Gerald in Mr. Norris, it is his marvellous urbanity—and to that I fear I have failed to do justice. Some men raise the morale of their fellows by setting them an example of aggressive courage or of calm self-control. But Gerald has brightened many a dark hour for his friends by simply being his immaculate self. He has the art of creating social occasions by dressing as if they existed, and nobody understands better than he how to make the most unpleasant phases of life tolerable by the observance of the small ceremonies of courtesy. In this respect—as he himself has said—he is a true disciple of Confucius.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

Fleet Street Notebook

A RECENT discussion in the monthly bulletin of the International Press Institute has set me brooding about the current position of editors in the British popular papers. This week's column may, as a result, be regarded as a modest trumpet call to freedom: an attempt to persuade a body of men not noted for their lack of egotism in other matters to be more egotistical in their attitude to their newspaper proprietors. The I.P.I. has been seeking the views of eminent editors in various combines on the correct editor-publisher relationship. In the course of their response, a surprising number of instances have been quoted, especially from the Scandinavian countries and Holland, where newspaper statutes actually include clauses establishing the freedom of the editor from commercial interference in matters of editorial policy. What is in many ways even more significant—for instances in which a similar freedom is assured to the editor are not, of course, lacking in serious British journalism—is the extent of the public support quoted in various countries for an actual legal delimitation of the position of newspaper publisher and editor. This, it is suggested, should by law reserve to the editor, as the person directly responsible in the eyes of the reader, the final voice in all decisions of editorial and political policy so long as he holds office, combined with considerable security of tenure once he is appointed.

Although such views may fall oddly in some modern Fleet Street offices, it may be that we are reaching a stage where even in British popular journalism some such development will be necessary if any sort of public respect is to be retained. Although the relation between editor and proprietor is necessarily different on a popular mass-circulation newspaper from that on a journal of opinion, the diminution of the status of the editor to no more than a paid servant of proprietorial interests that has proceeded at so fast a pace during the commercialisation of the press, is manifestly contrary to the public interest, if only because it too often gives the journalist an escape which he ought not to take and ought not to have open to him. Although it is sometimes thought old-fashioned to say so in these days, those responsible for a newspaper are in a different position from those responsible for a business; and those who control or write for newspapers have no more right to demand immunity from the historic responsiblities of their office on the excuse of personal commercial advantage than have members of parliament or judges. The defence of journalistic standards rests properly with journalists, and I do not believe that they ought to be allowed to shrug off that responsibility by quoting the circulation manager. Perhaps if the British public could be persuaded to take editors more seriously they would be forced to take themselves so too.

Incidentally, as part of the campaign for increasing the self-confidence of editors and their consequent readiness—one hopes—to stand firm against commercial pressures, it may be worth while pointing out that it is only those newspapers that hold fast to their editors that, in the main, succeed. There was a time when the editors of popular newspapers were regarded by many people, including themselves, as expendable luxuries. The great exponent of this view was the first Lord Rothermere. He once got through eight editors of the *Sunday Dispatch* in six years. The circulation of the *Dispatch* fell to less than 700,000 during the process and did not begin to rise until those who inherited the business settled for one. Rothermere's greater brother Northcliffe never made that mistake. After some preliminary fun and games when he appointed two editors of the *Daily Mail* at the same time and let them fight it out, he stuck to one, Thomas Marlowe, during the whole period of his proprietorship. That was at least part of the reason for the paper's great success.

No doubt the biggest single reason for the success of the *Daily Express* is Lord Beaverbrook, but running this close in importance is the fact that it has had only three editors in its 53 years of existence and that its present editor, Arthur Christianson, who has stamped his personality on it only a little less than Beaverbrook himself, has held undisturbed possession of its editorial chair for close on a quarter of a century. Under the first Lord Rothermere's policy of regarding an editor as more expendable than a butler, the *Daily Mirror* staggered to the edge of bankruptcy: not until its release from that megalomaniac peer enabled Bartholomew to establish a single strong editorial control, did it begin to prosper mightily. The *Herald* has run through editors almost as fast as the French run through prime ministers—and its circulation is lower than it was twenty years ago. The *Sunday Chronicle* died of the same disease. The *Daily Sketch* fumbled from disaster to disaster under a succession of editors so numerous that it was difficult to keep account of their names. Only when its present editor, Herbert Gunn, came on the scene with a large degree of authority and editorial independence did it—whether one likes his methods or not—reverse the trend at a phenomenal rate. One could continue the tale through the whole newspaper list. Whether it is prestige or circulation one wants there is no substitute for an editor. Moreover this is becoming even more so as the managerial revolution moves into Fleet Street and the day of the individual newspaper peer who, whether for good or ill, stamped his personality on a paper passes. Only Lord Beaverbrook now remains of the old order: the accountant and the company director are taking over. They can make a newspaper a sound commercial property: they cannot make it a personality. In the absence of a dominating owner in sole charge, only an editor can do that. And newspapers live or die on personality.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Profile of Mrs. C.

THE subjects of those brief lives called Profiles are presumably chosen for their significance: their choice, by implication, pays tribute to the *führerprinzip;* the people presented for our admiration are supposed to be leaders. But Mrs. C., who is one of the led, has not heard of them: she reads Profiles as she reads fiction, enjoying other, possible, worlds which have nothing to do with the world as she knows it.

Mrs. C. is herself worthy of a Profile because her life is the lowest common factor of the community's life: multiply it by a few tens of millions and you have the English life of her time. Her time is now nearly over and already she is out of place: but what she has been and done are worth a few minutes consideration, for they tell us how successful, or otherwise, the community has been in enabling her to express her potentialities as a perceiving body, a feeling heart, an aspiring spirit and a thinking mind.

Mrs. C. is about to leave us: it is not that, at seventy-three, she finds the bicycle ride of a mile and a half in all weathers too much for her; nor is she tired of washing, sweeping, dusting and polishing while passing on, judiciously and without malice, so much of village gossip as she feels will interest us. It is simply that the farmer owner of her cottage, where she has cherished the lonely privacy which has become the luxury of her later years, needs the place for a tractor-driver and his family.

The farmer has been quite patient. He has not, as he might have done, turned her out; after all, she has worked hard in his wife's house for 20 years or more. But he has pointed out that she can easily go to her married daughter. This is true. Mrs. C. is fond of her grandchildren. She will, perhaps, find their noise rather trying, for she i. a quiet little woman. She may, in that crowded house, be obliged to give up her reading and learn to tolerate, if not to enjoy, the unsubtle pleasures of TV. She will miss her privacy and her life-long friends in the village. But she does not complain, she was not brought up to have her own way. Her few years of real freedom on the old age pension and what, grudgingly, she was allowed to earn besides, were more than she had any right to look forward to, and she realises that the age of the individual is over.

She was born in 1883 in a parish where farming has never been more than moderately depressed. Her father earned twelve, then fifteen shillings a week. But as she had only one brother and one sister, and the cottage garden had room for hens and a pig as well as vegetables, she never went really hungry. She learnt to read, write, calculate, sew, cook, and to clean a house. At ten years of age she knew how the young of animals and humans are conceived and born and it would not have occurred to her that there was anything surprising in Darwin's notion of men as animals, had she ever heard of it. She was sent to Sunday school, her parents being Chapel. Later, as a kitchen-maid in a local nobleman's house, she became

Church under the housekeeper's influence. It is hard to say what these religious experiences meant to her. She does not, now, attend any religious service unless it be a funeral or a wedding, nor is she ever heard to express a religious opinion. But it would perhaps be tendentious to draw conclusions from the mild irony which informs her references to the vicar's occasional calls on her.

In 1906, when she was a slight, pale girl with mousy hair and candid eyes, she married her employer's fourth gardener. At first they lived in two rooms of his mother's cottage, but later, when he became second gardener, they had a cottage of their own. There her son and two daughters were born: each birth was an ordeal of prolonged pain; the first cost her two days of labour, the third nearly killed her. She was fond of her children without being over indulgent. It did not occur to her that the conditions in which she reared them were difficult; for the first 40 years of her life she did without indoor sanitation, mains water, gas and electricity. When, in due course, these conveniences were provided, she welcomed them without calling them progress or becoming excited by the advance of science: she is not apt to use mighty words for small matters.

When her son was three she read in the paper that a Frenchman had crossed the Channel in a flying-machine and landed a few miles away. She said, as she said when she saw her employer's first motor car, "Well, whatever next!"

As if in answer to this exclamation she was badly frightened, some years later, when in London, by bombs dropped from "Gopher" planes. She had gone to London to see her husband in hospital, where he had been sent from Flanders. In Flanders that scientific progress to which Mrs. C. has always shown a possibly culpable indifference had enabled her betters to blow off one of his legs with TNT and destroy one of his lungs with chlorine. Subsequently, the welcome she extended to new devices was hesitating, even dour. She did appreciate the convenience of vacuum cleaners, washing machines and motor buses when they came, and even listened to the wireless. But the "Whatever next!" with which she greeted each new discovery in physics, medicine, chemistry, was an expression of what was expected of her, rather than of her own feelings.

In 1921 she did have occasion to turn to science for help: her youngest child became seriously ill. The disease was meningitis: Mrs. C. remembers sitting beside the little girl who was screaming with a kind of nightmarish regularity; she remembers looking at the doctor expectantly. But her expectation was disappointed: the child died.

Owing to the curious economy of the time, whereby industrial wages were kept low by the importation of cheap meat and grain from abroad, the nobleman who had employed Mrs. C. and her husband did not support his estate by cultivating it, but by owning shares in Rumanian oil wells. The Rumanians having decided that they would stick to their own oil, the estate came under the hammer and Mrs. C.'s mutilated husband had no garden to work in. He got employment as a jobbing gardener, however, to eke out his disability pension: but the loss of a leg and a lung had spoiled his temper. He nagged his wife and snapped at his children, refrained from spending his money at the pub but was intolerably self-righteous over this sobriety. Nevertheless, it was almost certainly by accident that he locked himself into a greenhouse he happened to be fumigating with sulphur, and died of suffocation.

Thereafter Mrs. C. worked at the only trade she knew, to keep a roof over her head, clothes on her back and food in her inside, to feed and clothe her children, to get them decently through school, to launch them fairly in jobs when they left school, to continue helping them even after that, above all, to try to set a little money aside against the prospect of a pennyless old age. She knew that she would never have to face real destitution: social insurances won in the teeth of ferocious opposition would make sure that she was more or less housed and fed. But what of privacy, of a little free leisure, of some small measure of independence? So she lived most of her waking life in other women's houses caring for other women's things. Some of her employers were kind and friendly; most were civil; a few were arrogant and rude. They paid her exactly the rate for the job, an amount which, they explained to each other over tea, was exorbitant. In return she worked as hard and as scrupulously as she could, she was incapable of doing less than her best; and her best, when it came to ironing fine silks, rubbing the scratches off silver, washing old lace, was very good indeed, a skill of a high order. It was rarely praised.

In 1943 Mrs. C.'s son was killed in North Africa. She had been very fond of him and he of her. Her face, already harshly marked by time and life, took on two new, deep lines from the corners of her mouth.

It is not unusual in a Profile to give a few figures bearing on the statistics of the subject's life: Mrs. C.'s consumption of washing-up water has been in excess of fifty thousand gallons; on the other hand her consumption of wine and spirits has been below two gallons, and of beer one gallon. She has used nearly a ton of soap in her life, but no cigarettes; of tea she has consumed about four hundredweight, of theatre tickets seven, of cinema tickets about two hundred. She has never worn evening dress, skated or skied, flown in an aeroplane; she has had the same bicycle, bought second-hand, for seventeen years. Her pleasures have been other people's gardens and latterly, but she must now give it up, her own; reading middle-brow novels; looking at the countryside in spring and summer. She is not unlearned in the names of flowers and in the methods of mending broken china. She has voted in every election since 1929, and always Labour, but she has never explained why. A year ago she fell and broke a rib while polishing the floor of a large farmhouse: she had no idea how to set about getting compensation, after weeks in hospital, nor was she clear that anything was due to her, although she had been paying insurance for quarter of a century or more. When she was urged to claim and shown how to do it, she was as diffident in asking for her rights as she had always been forward in her duties.

We shall miss Mrs. C. There was a rare kind of pleasure in having her in the house for a couple of hours every day, so neat and quiet and scrupulous in her work, so modest, candid and soberly cheerful, so unpretentiously skilful, so just yet charitable in her judgments.

She owes nothing to the art of her day; what could Picasso or Sartre or Joyce mean to her? Nor to its science, but a slight easing of her burden of labour; how could she take delight in Einstein's equations, who does not even understand that to them she owes the hideous threat hanging over her grandchildren. For the rest, science has cost her the lives of her husband and her son. She has done without the church and, for all I know, without God. For the few forlorn and battered rationalists who still survive, Mrs. C. should be an inspiration: for what is her life if it be not evidence for original virtue?

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Revivals

MR. JOHN CLEMENTS continues to put London theatre-goers in his debt. The series of revivals which he is carrying out at the Saville is first class. The standard of production, acting and mounting is representative of the best that our theatre offers at the moment. This does not mean that everyone of the productions has been or is going to be a complete success. But it does mean that you can go to the Saville in the certainty that everything that can be done by good judgment, taste, care and talent will be done. After that it is in the lap of those capricious theatrical gods who grant success here and withhold it there with an arbitrary fickleness. So it is with the new production, *The Seagull*. You may or may not find that it completely "comes off"; but you will certainly find an extremely interesting and serious attempt to make it do so.

One difficulty about producing *The Seagull* is that Chekhov's genius has not yet in this play found its way through to the pattern which was finally to express it. The older narrative and his new development of the mosaic form are not yet perfectly wedded. And I think it is a criticism of Mr. Michael Macowan's understanding and intelligent direction that one is left particularly conscious of this split after his production. The joins are not cunningly enough concealed. We get the impression of stops and starts, not quite of one continuous flow; and this makes the play seem slower than it should be, and less of a piece. But let me emphasise that I am speaking comparatively, that I am judging by the impossible standard of perfection. And so, too, with Miss Perlita Neilson, who makes a charming and touching little figure as Nina. She does a great deal with the part within her compass, but she doesn't quite carry the emotional force to overwhelm us. Her last monologue is technically well managed, perhaps even a little too well managed; the tears—that is our tears—don't flow. But it is a far from contemptible try.

The delightful surprise of the evening is Miss Diana Wynyard's Mme Arkadina—an imaginative piece of anti-type casting, this. Miss Wynyard discovers the streak of hard vulgarity in the actress and plays on it without overplaying it for a moment and without overlooking the streak of tenderness, too. Chekhov's actress has what is sometimes observable in old-fashioned stage people in private life—an all too easy flow of emotionalism, a too ready come-and-go of feeling; and this is what, among other things, makes her an impossible mother for her over-intense son. Miss Wynyard marked this delightfully, as, too, Mr. Lyndon Brook marked the furrowed highbrowism of the son; and between them they made their famous quarrel scene the best in the play, a perfect combination of acting. Mr. Hugh Williams took a light, easy tone with the famous novelist, Trigorin, and this paid excellently in all the scenes with the romantic Nina, and especially in that long passage where he describes what the writer's life is really like; altogether a performance of accomplishment and relaxed charm. What I did miss between him and Mme Arkadina was the climax to their relationship in the scene where she has guessed his infatuation and he pleads for his freedom. Miss Wynyard put up a superb "performance" of the kind whose "genuineness" one has to guess at, for the actress of the play is using all her professional skill for her personal ends; but he surely allowed himself to be too easily won over. He is doomed, of course; he can

never get away from her. But for a brief half-hour he has dreamed that he can; and when he finds he can't, this recognition must be dragged from a resisting reluctance that turns our hearts over. Mr. Williams here (and here alone) seemed to me too spry and easy. The smaller parts were nicely taken. Mr. George Relph, always tactfully in keeping, gives one of his charming and touching studies as the actress's brother. Mr. Nicholas Hannen is a firm and handsome doctor and Miss Jill Bennett, less the figure of fun than usual, progressively wins our pity for her Masha. Motley's settings, appropriate and unexceptionable, just miss that magic that one hopes for; and that, indeed, is what I felt finally about the whole production—it just misses that magic distillation that the play can give off; but I admired its great virtues, and am delighted to see that others found the magic, too. It is well worth going to see if you will.

The second of the two Shaw plays by which alone the professional London stage is celebrating the Centenary is *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, given by the Birmingham Repertory at the Old Vic. This is the production which has just been so enthusiastically received in Paris. The French have, I think it is true to say, been particularly resistant to the pleasure of Shavian comedy, though, with their well-known love of the lucid, this seems odd in them. Anyhow, it is natural that in their ignorance of the possibilities which Shavian comedy offers, they should excessively applaud what must seem to us, with the best will in the world, only a second-class production of *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. But the fact of their admiration does bring home what we might otherwise minimise (in our surprise at the handling of some of the detail) that Mr. Douglas Seale, the director, has succeeded in getting the play across as a whole. If you were seeing it for the first time, as the French audiences imaginably were, you would get a very good idea of its impact as a rough whole.

It was the subtlety of detail which was wanting here. Especially I was sorry to see Mr. Seale—who has distinguished himself in the past by giving us plain and straightforward productions of Shakespeare—being the first to fall into what I must suppose is to become an occupational disease with Shaw producers in the future—I mean making the character all too obviously "funny". This is all the deadly sins of Shavian production rolled into one. Mr. Seale produces a funny tutor for little Ptolemy, a set of funny soldiers and courtiers, and, indeed, conscious funniness is the vice of the whole cast. Not even the Cæsar of Geoffrey Bayldon is exempt, though with him the fault diminishes as the evening advances, and his shaky start may generously be attributed to nerves. Such fooling, of course, ruins the play.

At the St. James's, Miss Lesley Storm, who had such bad luck with her last play, takes on a subject bristling with difficulties of tact. Her play deals with the problem confronting the womenfolk of a diplomat who has deserted to Russia. The young wife living the life of an outcast with her mother-in-law is, after eighteen months, just at the point where she is prepared to snap out of it, and make a new life for herself, when a go-between arrives trying to persuade her to meet her husband in Paris and talk over the possibilities of joining him behind the Iron Curtain with their two-year-old son. Miss Storm is fair and scrupulous over what happens (which I mustn't reveal) but unfortunately she has previously so rooted her domestic scene in the glossiest pages of the richest women's weeklies that the problem by this time (after two acts) is only still alive for the laziest-minded of matinée audiences. There is one touching scene out of the five where Miss Joyce Redman as the wife sets our eyelids pricking with tears. Otherwise, up till too late, there is only some highly stylised drawing-room drama acting from a talented cast.

T. C. WORSLEY

Pure Gold

WHAT better film for an August Bank Holiday than a Chaplin? Of course, it couldn't be a new Chaplin: that is in progress at the moment and may be expected, presumably, in the New Year. But an old Chaplin is as good and—since in this case it is *The Gold Rush*—perhaps better. All Chaplin is divine: he is the Mozart of the cinema emerging into Beethoven. *The Gold Rush* is his Mozartian apex.

The version at the London Pavilion is a revival of a revival. I don't know exactly when first we saw this *Gold Rush* with the dramatised narration, but I think during the last years of the war: then, being a little nearer memories of the original (1925), I faintly resented the speech—Chaplin's own, of course—but no longer do. This simple narrative is as much Chaplin's as the music, and even when one may doubt the addition (references, for example, to "the little fellow"—why not "Charlie"?), it must be admitted that the original with its subtitles is now more for fans and students. A chance audience at the London Pavilion, not expecting this press-view insertion in the programme, not only got a run for its money but laughed its head off.

He never found a better setting for his clown in black than the wide white spaces of Alaska. All the screen is blank, and in the middle stands he, with a few packs for his gold-prospecting journey, but otherwise clad meticulously as usual, bowler hat, gloves, cane, high collar, the shabbiest-genteel dandy who ever stepped. He leans on his cane to enjoy the featureless view: the cane, of course, meeting only a snowy resistance, lets him down. But soon he produces a paper marked with the four points of the compass, and mysteriously aligning himself behind it sets off. He comes to that immortal hut where the wind blows you through one door and out at the other, where Black Larsen and Big Jim will

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

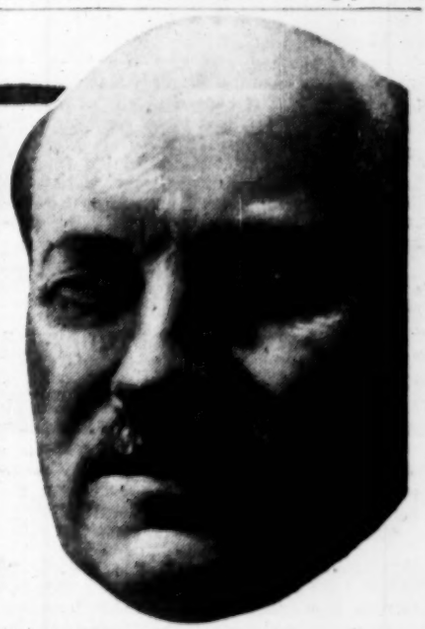
ARTHUR HENDERSON

ERNEST BEVIN

FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT

GEORGE LANSBURY

THE FAMOUS as I knew them by EARL ATTLEE



EXCLUSIVELY IN SUNDAY'S

REYNOLDS NEWS

struggle with a gun always pointing at *him*, where they will sit down to the feast of boot *en casserole*. The amazing thing about that hut is that it is so real. Into it as into a magician's cabinet the jokes have been packed with a wonderful economy, yet one never loses the sense of underlying terror, of Nature's awful wastes and man's greed. Everything seems inevitable, not because we may know what's coming, but because it was so, and could not be otherwise, from the beginning.

Whether it is Chaplin's best film may be open to debate (I rather fancy it is, with the pleasure fresh on me), but unquestionably it tells its story in a film narrative that never flags and never wanders, with a felicity not elsewhere equalled. The love episode, when we come to it, is brief and touching: Georgia Hale, I find, wears well as any heroine. There is the Dance of the Rolls, and what leads up to it and what comes after. There is the return to the hut in the wastes; where, inconceivably, a whole new situation of comedy and suspense is discovered. Just in time, as there is a terrible lurch on the snow cliff, the tiny spruce figure dances out.

And there, some have said, it should end. Ideally, perhaps; yet I like the millionaires on board ship, the pressmen, the glimpse of Georgia in the steerage and the happy end. It affects us like a reassuring sunset: not too common with Chaplin, by the way. And if we have the time, we will sit round no doubt to see it all again. I have only one minor complaint of this, quite unexpected, revival: that the screen at the London Pavilion isn't quite large enough to take in the marginal detail. We may suspect this, with some nervous hand-play behind Charlie's back and almost out of the picture; and when he shovels all the snow outside the end house, only those who remember the scene of old will know that this is a police station—the signboard has been cut off.

Strange indeed is the choice of holiday programme at the Curzon. *Le Défroqué* explores the torments of the unfrocked priest as recent films have the tortures of drink and heroin, but neither so dramatically nor so plausibly. The film starts reasonably enough in a prison camp, but in its later phases—the night-club scene when a bucket of wine is blessed by the ex-priest and then apparently set light to by his more faithful companion—the wrestling for souls gets out of hand. The final wild concentration of prayers and trains whistling through the night topples over hysteria into farce. Collectors of the curious —perhaps August is their cinema-going month? —might find *Le Défroqué* worth a call.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Channel Fog

SERIOUS students of broadcasting should get hold of the recently issued *Annual Report and Accounts of the BBC*, 1955-56 (H.M.S.O., 6s.). Apart from a mass of factual information and statistics, it provides a clear summary of BBC principles and policy on a number of important matters.

In particular, the BBC is still pressing resolutely for the allocation of frequencies in Band III, so that preparations may be made for the provision of a second BBC television service. Originally, in 1953, the Government agreed that the whole of Band III (which contains eight channels) should be made available for television—presumably to the BBC. Then came commercial TV. In April, 1955, the PMG announced that the eight Band III channels were to be divided into two groups of four: one group was to go to ITA, the other was to remain for a time unallocated.

Last February it was decided to put the further decision off for two years. There were two excuses: two years hence much technical progress will have been made; and the economic situation makes such expenditure inappropriate—yet another example of the familiar ambivalence on this subject of a government which forced through Parliament a new television system of a grossly inflationary kind. "The BBC," says the Report, "accepts this deferment"—but it goes on to urge that these spare channels "may *now* be set aside for the future use of the BBC."

For the BBC still stands firmly on its responsibility of providing a comprehensive service of information, education, and entertainment. This it has been able to do on sound-radio because there are three programmes to suit various tastes and needs. This it cannot do on television with only one programme. "In the opinion of the Corporation," says the Report, coolly, "the need for a second service is unaffected by the advent of the ITA"—for experience has shown that the opponents of commercial television were right when they said in advance that competition of this kind would not give the viewers a real variety of choice but only a choice between programmes of much the same sort.

So both the Authorities are now lamenting their inability to provide the balanced service that they are under a moral and statutory obligation to provide: the BBC can't provide it because the Government won't allocate those spare channels; the ITA can't provide it because the Government dare not, after all, hand over the expected £750,000. Entirely through its own fault, the Government is unpopular in both quarters: it is the sort of silly mess that governments get into when they abandon principle and give way to pressure-groups. The people who suffer most, of course, are the viewers: by now, paradoxically, if it had not been for the commercial competition, they might be enjoying a genuine freedom of choice of programmes, instead of merely, in effect, freedom to choose between *I Love Lucy* and *I Married Joan*.

* * *

Banality—the crashing cliché, the obvious, off-the-peg interviewer's question—is the main bane of both sound and TV. On Sunday night the Home Service offered something that looked pretty special in *Sargasso Saga*, a documentary on the life (and serviceable death) of the eel.

This had some good moments, but trembled too often on the brink of self-parody: it might almost have been Peter Ustinov burlesquing this sort of BBC documentary—for instance, when someone said that he sold eels to the villagers and the interviewer said "What do the villagers do with them?" It was impossible to be sure whether those taking part were trying to be funny or not when they said things like "Whatever we feel about the eel, we can't help but admire its determination." I fear that this was deliberate whimsy, for we also had "The individual eel *never* says die" and "Yes, the slippery fellow infiltrates everywhere." Equally inept was such a "literary" touch as ". . . and, nothing daunted, we rowed off to a deep muddy pool to put theory into practice."

I was surprised to catch out the young, spry Christopher Chataway in a similar solecism in his TV programme, *Away From It All*, on Monday night. Describing a village, he said: "The church stands four-square, sentinel of the spirit." Apart from the inaccuracy of the architectural description, this is not living speech at all: it is the third-rate "purple" prose of a tired advertising copy-writer.

This was, however, the first of Mr. Chataway's first important series since his transfer to the BBC, and it is possible that he and those with him were, so to speak, trying too hard. There are fine possibilities in this series, and Mr. Chataway cleverly brought out the social significance of the contrast between two villages, one in which people work as well as live, one which they leave daily to work in the town. He has an engaging manner and resourcefulness, and can therefore, surely, afford to under- rather than over-rehearse and to let things just happen, which often makes the best television. This seemed too contrived: why should we have been shown his trim figure striding briskly, alone and on foot, into a village when he had obviously gone there by car, probably with several colleagues? Why make him hunt for the invisible landlord of the empty pub when the man clearly knew he was coming (since lights and cameras were all set up ready)?

I am only sorry that absence abroad for the next few weeks will prevent me from seeing Mr. Chataway's visit to my own Essex coastal waters. As school reports say, he can do better.

TOM DRIBERG

Bix

TO die at an early age of dipsomania, drugs or some other self-induced disease is a fairly safe passport to romantic fame for any artist. Leon Bismarck (Bix) Beiderbecke, 1903-1931, the most legendary of White jazz musicians, who died twenty-five years ago of drink, has had more than his share of it. Jazz is perhaps today fuller of crazy mixed-up kids than it was in the 1920s. The characteristic early dier among the old-style jazzmen then did not succumb to *Weltschmerz* but to something like TB, induced by years of underpaid playing in small nightclubs. If he died of drink or over-indulgence, it was after a Rabelaisian, Falstaffian life like that of the pianist Fats Waller. But Bix, to whom men were drawn by the helplessness and dedication of his personality as well as by the haunting purity of his cornet, was strictly a Scott Fitzgerald type, the all-American romantic artist. Nobody has been able to write about him without a catch in the throat, and he has provided a hero for at least one woman novelist.

But what was he like as an artist? It is not easy to come to a judgment about him. Few notable jazz-players have recorded with less distinguished colleagues. This means that Bix almost certainly never recorded at his best—jazz-players are proverbially inspired by playing with and against men of comparable standing—and that he is easy to overrate. An abyss separates him from the other performers on his records. Unless we have an antiquarian interest in white jazz, or seek precursors of the "modern" style among players like the late Frankie Trumbauer (alto sax), we listen to them exclusively for his sake: but we do listen. *I'm Comin' Virginia, Singin' The Blues* or *Jazz Me Blues* are lifted into distinction as soon as the clean, easy, perfectly phrased notes of Bix take the melody and, without departing too far from it, communicate his characteristic slightly melancholy, Watteau-like happiness. (*The Bix Beiderbecke Story*, Philips BBL 7014 or *The Great Bix*, Columbia 33S1035 provide a reasonable selection of his work.)

Bix's playing is so unclassifiable that some jazz critics, a body given to making rigid definitions, have denied it the name of jazz. But it is patently jazz, and inspired by the classical playing of the great New Orleans musicians whom, as one of a jazz-struck group of Midwestern schoolboys in the early 1920s, he admired. What distinguishes Bix from the norm, apart from his superior talent, is that he hankered after classical music and that he was a German; indeed, the most eminent jazzman of German origin. His attempts to fuse jazz with classical music—the Debussyish piano-improvisations of *In a Mist* need not trouble us. Nobody has ever played better jazz because he wanted to play like the classics; the two types of music function quite differently. But Bix's Teutonism may be more relevant. J. E. Behrendt has put a finger not unguided by patriotic sentiment on an important spot:

> With Bix German romanticism and the entire musical heritage that belongs to it flow into jazz. . . . What the long-forgotten rhythms of Africa were for the great musicians of New Orleans, the equally forgotten, but still re-echoing Waldhorn of the German romantics was for the Beiderbecke family. (*Das Jazzbuch*, Fischer-Buecherei, 1953.)

The point is well taken, though the attempt to prove that this made Bix play like a New Orleans Negro is a little wild. He played wonderfully well, and with something of the simple phrasing and relaxation of New Orleans. Comparisons with fine blues-trumpeters like Joe Smith are not too

grotesque, though stylistically he is a pioneer of the 1930s rather than a follower of the 1910s. And he was lucky to fall into a tradition of simple, tuneful, "singable" melody and of jazz-playing close enough to its brass band origins to make the fusion of Eichendorff and King Oliver a great deal easier than it would have been at any time after 1925. But there have been far more "Negroid" White trumpeters than he, and anyway the tradition of Pomeranian pastors, organists and schoolmasters is simply not comparable to that of West African slaves.

Bix was and remains a freak, even among the relatively few German Americans who took to jazz-playing in the 1920s (for jazz, like boxing, tended to appeal to underprivileged immigrant Groups: to New Orleans Sicilians and Irish, Chicago Italians, Irish and Jews and others of the kind). A wonderful freak, though the critic who judges "greatness" in jazz by the power and profundity of communicated emotion, as well as by its sweetness and purity, cannot put him into the highest class. He has had next to no influence, except, oddly enough, among the very recent white Californian "cool" players, who, for obscure reasons, are homesick for the music of 1930. But he is good to listen to, and above all easy to listen to for those unaccustomed to the hardness and roughness of some of the best jazz. He survives remarkably well, and if there is still a public for jazz in twenty-five years' time, it will still listen to him. Two things are certain. We shall not see his like again; and when Hollywood (which is at present making a film about a far less distinguished contemporary White trumpeter) rediscovers him, it will make a film about him which will surprise his admirers.

FRANCIS NEWTON

Correspondence

THREAT TO PEACE

SIR,—In regard to the threat by Britain and France to use armed force towards Egypt, the two relevant articles of the United Nations Charter are as follows:—

Article 2.

"The Organisation and its Members, in pursuit of the Purposes stated in Article 1, shall act in accordance with the following Principles.

(3) "All Members shall settle their international disputes by peaceful means in such a manner that international peace and security, and justice, are not endangered."

Article 33.

(1) "The parties to any dispute, the continuance of which is likely to endanger the maintenance of international peace and security, shall, first of all, seek a solution by negotiation, enquiry, mediation, conciliation, arbitration, judicial settlement, resort to regional agencies or arrangements, or other peaceful means of their own choice."

It seems to be clear that we are in breach of Article 2, since all the military preparations are endangering international peace. It is no use complaining that Egypt is breaking treaties if we then proceed to lightheartedly break a treaty ourselves. This disregard by two powerful states of fundamental international law, because they think it suits their interests, is shocking and can only encourage aggressors. I was under the impression that one of the charges against the German State in 1914 and 1939 was its breach of international treaties. We are proceeding in the same way.

ROBERT S. W. POLLARD

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S.W.1.

DEAD AND DUMB SCIENCES

SIR,—I cannot echo every nuance in Mr. John Strachey's letter to you last week, but he raises most important issues and I hope you will allow them to be discussed at length in your columns.

Mr. Strachey draws attention to the failure of political philosophers to absorb contemporary economic theory into their thinking, and the equal failure of economists to understand the decisive influence of the political institutions which men set up. He offers a long overdue plea for "political economy in the oldest sense of the term."

No one, I think, can dispute Mr. Strachey's indictment. But cannot it be levelled specifically (I do not mean only) against the universities? The increasing departmentalisation of political studies at the universities appals me. Any day now I expect to hear that the London School of Economics has created a Chair of Psephology (held by Mr. David Butler) and appointed Mr. R. T. Mackenzie to be the first Professor of Party Organisation.

The London School of Economics is not the only villain. Nuffield College successfully carves up traditional fields of study almost every year. There has been nothing like it since the Enclosures. Steadily, irrevocably, the common land of political study is being staked round by "experts." Actually, they are no more expert than a hired labourer who does the digging for an archaeologist. Up to date, not one accredited psephologist has produced a single original or valuable comment on the working of the democratic process—though this, presumably, is the subject of his inquiries.

We are now so transfixed by anything that has the trappings of "the scientific method" that we sometimes fail to ask whether it produces anything more (in this field) than statistical confirmation of what can easily be discerned by common-sense observation. A pair of well-shod feet and two wide-open eyes are still the best instruments for political inquiry. It was these that made Graham Wallas the only academic in Britain in this century who has had any vitalising influence on the study of politics.

This is not a digression. It was one of the best known products of the London School of Economics-Nuffield College axis who recently told me that, on reading Graham Wallas, he found that there was nothing to him. Wallas, in short, was beyond him, not just as an originator but as an intelligent and informed observer who could take a far more comprehensive view of society than any of his successors. Today the issues raised in *Human Nature in Politics* and *The Great Society* would be distributed as the private property of a dozen specialist professors.

Exactly two years ago I pointed out in your columns that there had been no important comprehensive work of political theory written in Britain since T. H. Green delivered his famous lectures on political obligation—and this, as Mr. Strachey acidly reminds us, in a half-century of tremendous (and largely successful) political experiment. I know that one cannot produce a genius out of a hat; but I am certain that, if the universities encouraged comprehension instead of specialisation in study, there would be more chance of a work of genuine interpretation emerging from one of the many scholars who now waste their time in futile "research."

Where I disagree with Mr. Strachey is over his implicit suggestion that all that is needed is a co-ordination of political and economic studies. Inquiry must start much farther back and go much deeper than that. The first question to be answered is what 20th-century man wants. What are his real, and not his imagined, desires? If this inquiry were undertaken by someone able to absorb all that sociology and anthropology (as well as politics and economics) have to teach, we might have a starting-point at last.

But to expect this from the present depressing climate of university teaching and scholarship is a vain hope.

HENRY FAIRLIE

GOVERNMENT BY DILETTANTES

SIR,—As a benevolent neutral from the executive class, I agree entirely with Dr. Balogh that dilettantism is the occupational disease of our administrative civil servants. They have, in general, the keenest of brains and the kindest of hearts, but, too frequently, large stretches of life as it is lived outside their own circles is a closed book to them. They tend to think of sentences on paper rather than of life in the raw; they are as addicted as any Stalinist to fashionable general phrases; and, like most of their critics, they are apt to forget the vast number of people in the government machine outside their own ranks. Too often the man who gets on—or at any rate he who hopes to—is the one who looks not for the correct solution to a problem but for that best suited to his superiors' tastes and prejudices.

In my view, however, Dr. Balogh is quite wrong in thinking that a firm dividing line can be drawn between the dilettante non-specialist and the wise all-seeing expert; and nowhere is he more wrong than in relation to the types of expertise tied up with the economic problems with which he is mainly concerned. There can be few more impressive sights than an economist in spate (is economics possibly a vocabulary rather than a science?), but such individuals are not noticeably more knowledgeable, or more often right, than their less specialised colleagues. And if the administrative can be a dilettante, it is only fair to add that the statistician is often a blinkered ass. Indeed, all in all, I have every sympathy with those hard-headed administrators to whom the words *les experts* are a term of international abuse; also with the view of a friend of mine that the main thing wrong with our administratives is that they quote from the "expert" articles in *The Times* and *Economist* (not, I am afraid, THE NEW STATESMAN) far too assiduously.

Nor does the suggestion that administratives should be tied down to the same territory throughout their entire working lives seem to me to be a very profound one. Admittedly constant changes lead to inefficiency; and the idea is an absurd one that anyone with a keen brain can effectively cope with any new set of major problems after a few weeks' initiation. Nevertheless, wisely planned moves can enlarge a man's scope considerably, and one just cannot write off as utterly foolish the idea of combing the whole civil service for the best brains to fill the really top positions. Surely this is not really a question to be argued in principle but one calling for close examination in practice to see that a wise course is steered between the very real dangers at both extremes.

But if Dr. Balogh's main suggestions for combating dilettantism are to be rejected, what is to be put in their place? Certainly more post-selection training

Conchita
Supervia
sings
CARMEN
L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
(Habañera) Act 1
Près des remparts de Séville
(Séguidille) Act 1
Les tringles des sistres
tintaient (Chanson bohème) Act 2
Je vais danser en votre honneur,
Act 2 (with G. MICHELETTI)
Non! tu ne m'aimes pas! Act 2
(with G. MICHELETTI)
Mêlons! Coupons! (Trio des cartes) Act 3
(with A. VAVON and A. BERNADET)
C'est toi! C'est moi! (with G. MICHELETTI)
PMA1024
PARLOPHONE
33⅓ R.P.M. LONG PLAYING RECORD
The Parlophone Company Limited, Record Div.,
8-11 Great Castle Street, London, W.1.

(though what, and by whom?), and more intelligent financial control; but beyond that I should reject Dr. Balogh's red herrings and put forward the following priorities.

More attention to the co-ordination of ministries and to the allocation of work between them. A thorough investigation of our recruiting methods and of possible recruitment incentives. An urgent inquiry into the grade structure of the civil service (and especially the fiction that one can separate "administrative" thought from "executive" action). A really thorough search for potential administrative talent in the executive and other classes. Protection for the civil service as a whole against the growing tendency of governments to abuse their position as employers for propaganda purposes. And may I add finally that the civil service Whitley Council machinery offers an incomparable forum for the discussion of problems affecting the efficient organisation of the civil service, and it is time that the Treasury and other departments used it as such to the absolute limit.

HIGHER EXECUTIVE OFFICER

SIR,—Dr. Balogh's article was as stimulating and provocative as his writing invariably is. So much of what he says is first-rate commonsense that one tends to lament his inability to resist the temptation to start hares. One here that I cannot resist chasing is that in which he holds up for praise the American system which allows the minister to be armed with a private staff manned by experts recruited from outside the civil service and dependent on the minister himself.

Dr. Balogh criticises what has happened in England by examining the results of English practice. What is it in the results of American practice that makes him think that this development of the American spoils system is a good idea? Has the leadership of American statesmen really been wise? I should have thought that they had made the wrong decisions on Korea and China and on the atom bomb and, indeed, on almost every other question of major significance in the post-war years.

One of the results of the McCarthy activities in America has been the pillorying of American civil servants who have given honest and disinterested advice which happened not to suit their political masters. A team of experts moving with the minister and dependent upon the minister for the favour of employment will produce for the minister the answers he wants and not those that he ought to have. This surely is not a scheme which has attraction for those interested in the proper building up of a public service. The British civil service has yet to accord the proper place to the expert. That will be adequately found only through the civil service machine and not through a form of political harlotry.

STANLEY MAYNE

THE MOTOR STRIKE

SIR,—May I congratulate you on your clear analysis of the causes of the motor strike and for stressing the necessity for the unions to link their essentially "defensive" demands with political demands "in collaboration with the political wing of the movement, to show how the basic causes of this crisis can be removed"?

No doubt lack of space prevented you from elaborating on your comment that "it is no use making the most of a capitalist boom, and then kicking against the pricks when the boom comes to an end . . . the strike is an essential weapon but there are problems that strike action alone cannot solve." This was most unfortunate because I believe that it is through failing to understand the correct use of the strike weapon, and its limitations, that the union leaders have made a strategic blunder in calling for a strike at this particular time.

Supposing, for example, the unions "win" the strike. What will be the consequence? Simply that the B.M.C. will pay the men they sack a small compensation and perhaps give a month's notice instead of one week. But even if their compensation is quite generous it will only put off the evil day, for if no alternative jobs are available the compensation will soon be used up.

Therefore this strike, even if "successful," can do nothing to prevent the return of mass unemployment except to make its onset slightly more gradual and its initial effects less severe. Moreover, since the B.M.C. had a surplus of cars at the beginning of the strike, a short strike simply enables the B.M.C. to get rid of its surplus. On the other hand, a long strike may result in the B.M.C.'s German rivals capturing even more of the B.M.C.'s market and this will cause even greater unemployment among B.M.C. workers. The strike weapon should be used when the market is expanding, not contracting.

As you rightly pointed out, the union leaders were provoked into calling a strike by the high-handed action of Sir Leonard Lord. But is it not a sign of weakness and poor generalship that you call a strike at a time most favourable to one's opponents or one in which you can only damage your opponent by damaging yourself even more, simply because you were provoked? Sometimes such provocation is a shrewdly laid trap to lure the unions into strike action at an unfavourable moment. Sir Leonard Lord was very careful not to provoke the unions during the boom, when the unions were strong. A good union leader should have the confidence of his men and should be able to resist emotional but uninformed clamour for strike action whenever he is provoked by some high-handed action by an employer for, like a good general, he should wait patiently to strike at the most favourable moment.

The motor car industry can only avoid further contraction by a big increase in East-West trade or by technical innovations which would increase productivity sufficiently to lower the price of cars considerably. This can only be achieved by exerting political pressure on the government and a great educational campaign among the general public in collaboration with the Labour Party. Only by ensuring that the Labour Party win the next election and by drawing up economically sound plans for improving the motor car industry can the union leaders ensure lasting security and a higher standard of living for all workers.

D. H. ROBINSON

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WITNESSES IN LIMERICK

SIR,—The strangeness of the event in Ireland to which your London Diary referred surely arises from a failure to see the matter in its true proportions. Once so viewed, there is nothing strange about it, which is no doubt why the rest of the press did not consider it worth reporting. It obviously has nothing to do with infallibility, or with antipathy to Protestants; were it otherwise, the Protestant community in the Republic of Ireland, a small but prosperous body, could not be, as they are, at peace with their neighbours and content with their lot. The key to this incident lies in the beliefs and practices not of the Catholic Irish but of Jehovah's Witnesses. Their opinion of the Catholic Church—and indeed of all Christian bodies other than themselves—and the language in which they express it, resemble in vehemence the strongest outbursts of the 16th and 17th century Reformers against Rome: and their practice is not merely to preach these opinions in public places but to go from door to door thrusting them unasked on the inhabitants. This is what they do in England and America, and if they did the same in County Limerick it is not surprising that they were received with blows, that their pamphlets were seized and destroyed, and that they were bound over to keep the peace.

Nobody can see the matter in its true proportion who does not realise that men feel as strongly in Ireland about religion as they do in this country about, say, trade union rights. A few days ago, while a meeting of B.M.C. strikers was being held in a park at Birmingham, some members of Sir Oswald Mosley's party (I forget what it calls itself now) drove up in a lorry and exhorted them through a loudspeaker to disregard their union leaders and return to work. Blows were struck, the lorry was damaged, and but for the intervention of the police it would probably have been destroyed. I know what you would say, sir, to an Irishman who should use that incident to prove that English trade unionists are fanatical enemies of free speech and personal liberty.

The Irish fought a longer and more bitter battle against the oppressors of their religion than the English working class against the enemies of trade union rights, and paid a huge price in blood and poverty for their ultimate victory. If you believe in democracy, you cannot deny the Irish the right to cherish their religion as the English cherish their trade union rights. And if you grant them that right, then you should think, as I do, that enemies of that religion who gratuitously go to the country, and enter the homes of its adherents to abuse it in the most violent terms, have no right to better treatment than the Mosleyites received at Birmingham.

Barnet, Herts. D. P. MAGUIRE

LENIN'S TESTAMENT

SIR,—If a man who signs his name may for once intervene in this riot of anonymous "Marxists," "Communards" and what have you, may I say that I for one never doubted the existence of the document foolishly called "Lenin's Testament"? But—and many probably felt the same—I couldn't have cared less what Lenin had or hadn't said about Stalin, nor did I see—nor do I now—that we in Britain were under any obligation to care.

In short, I and many others put Socialism first all the time.

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

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THE PRICE OF ABOLITION

SIR,—I wonder what Dr. R. L. Kitching means when he says that the "new abolitionists scrapped the traditional educational campaign"? If he is referring to the National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, the truth is that, apart from Mr. Gollancz's pamphlet *The Heart of the Matter*, which dealt with the religious and humanitarian aspects, that campaign confided itself rigidly to the rational arguments. Where did he see the "unscrupulous propaganda against hanging"? In all the factual material sent by the campaign to every member of both Houses of Parliament, neither the Home Office nor anyone concerned to support the death penalty seems to have discovered the slightest inaccuracy. And when Dr. Kitching suggests that the campaign ignored the Heath problem he discloses that he cannot possibly have read Mr. Gerald Gardiner's book *Capital Punishment as a Deterrent: And the Alternative*; for a significant part of that book was devoted to the alternative treatment of aggressive psychopaths convicted of murder, like Heath, and to the evidence given to the Gowers Commission by Sir David Henderson.

But why, above all, does he say that "Utrecht experiments" are "quite out of the question in this country"? They were going on in this country (at Wormwood Scrubs) before they began at Utrecht, which itself owes a great deal to the pioneer work of Dr. Maxwell Jones at the Social Rehabilitation Unit at Belmont.

6 Liskeard Gardens, S.E.3. C. R. HEWITT

MARCEL BREUER

SIR,—I think that Alan Bowness is being very unfair in his assessment of Marcel Breuer as an architect. Breuer's own very personal approach towards building has been consistent through all his collaborations, and his associates have left him unscathed. I think if one sees the picture of his development as a whole, he has had more influence on them than they on him.

2 Hyde Park Place, W.2. F. R. S. YORKE

RICHARD HILLARY

SIR,—I am writing a thesis about Richard Hillary, the author of *The Last Enemy*, and should be grateful for any information your readers can provide, particularly about his life at Oxford before the war, in the hospital after he was shot down, and also in America in 1942. Any letters, press-cuttings, articles, and other material which may be forwarded will be copied and speedily returned.

MARIE-PIERRE CASTELNAU

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Paris.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Humanism and Mr. Bloom

FOR a third of a century, critics have gone on assuming that the plot of *Ulysses* is positively intended to be nerve-rackingly and needlingly pointless, except so far as it drives home that nothing and nobody in Dublin was good enough for Joyce. This of course makes them think the book frightful, whether they admire it or not. I think the whole idea is wrong; he meant it as a very gay book, about how he escaped from the appalling condition in which he describes himself. There really was an Ur-Molly, and when he looked back he felt she had saved him. She was the first woman not a prostitute he got to bed with, and she broke the dichotomy of thinking all women either sexless or vampirish; a few months after that, he was able to win the devoted Norah and induce her to run away with him; after that, he was a settled character, with no more autobiography that he had a duty to tell. It must have been a great relief when he decided that that brief affair with poor old Molly could truly be described as the turning-point; "Thank God I needn't drag my wife in" would be the first reflection of the author famous for his shamelessness. Of course altering Molly out of all recognition was also a duty, but an entertaining and creative one.

A second happy ending is adumbrated in the book so long regarded as consecrated to frustration. The whole point of the correspondence to the *Odyssey* is that Bloom somehow gets back his wife and his son. Now both Bloom and his wife are described, with intense pathos, as aching to have a son; and Bloom is given a very special psychology such that the results of this day might enable him to do it. The death of his baby ten years before gave him such a horror of the whole process of having children that he hasn't copulated with his wife since; but if he could arrange a *ménage à trois* with Stephen, as he very frankly hints to Stephen that he wants to do, incidentally getting rid of her present lover whom he detests and launching Stephen as a concert-singer, then he might recover his nerve. The book refuses to tell us whether this happened, except indeed by the correspondence to the *Odyssey* and the almost incessant symbolism about paternity and childbirth; because it is constructed as an Ibsenite Eternal Problem, ending while the exhausted Stephen cannot yet decide—that of course is the point of the Question-and-Answer chapter. But I do not believe that Joyce could have invented such a story (that was his only weak point as a novelist); and one must remember that he made his friends treat Bloomsday as his private Christmas, an occasion for vaguely farcical rejoicing; I think the reason for this glee was that the Ur-Molly, later on, did have a son, by the Ur-Bloom. Also he enjoyed having something to hide which he had already told to posterity; indeed, the situation is one which novelists do not dare to treat.

I am less sure of the second happy ending; that is, less sure that it really happened—obviously, I think, the opportunity for it is the central drama of the novel. In any case, it seems to me extraordinary that all critics take for granted Stephen never returned to the Blooms. To be sure, he calls them his doom, but every time he has seen a doom so far he has run smack into it as fast as he could go. He has promised to come back ("ratified, reconfirmed" it) and he greatly despises people who break their promises. He has not yet seen Molly, and the Bloom Offer must at least excite curiosity; and his various quarrels have left him practically nothing else to do. He goes away because his pride forbids him to meet her first as a stray cat brought in by Bloom during the night; also, no doubt, to decide when sober. I think the critics have been too ready to swallow the melodrama of the starving idealist who rejects everybody and walks out by himself into the night.

Mr. Hugh Kenner has produced a vigorous book of exegesis on Joyce,* pointing out a variety of "influences" and showing in detail how they work as correlations in the text (there has been much more of such work in America than in England); and he can't be called merely a "verbalist," because he gives a massive historical background to his picture of total despair. Writing from California, he has a generous respect for the now extinct virtues of European philosophy and social life, and explains that a last gleam of them survived in Dublin at the date of the story of *Ulysses*, though not elsewhere. None had ever reached the Norway of Ibsen, and Joyce had to fight to get free from Ibsen—the reason why the play *Exiles* is so bad is that it is a kind of satire on Ibsen. (I find this very absurd.) In *Ulysses* he meant not only to describe this last gleam but to present it as the very end of a great historical period; whereas in *Finnegans Wake* all he had left to describe was the echo of it in the mind of his bedridden father, who lay in Dublin bursting with grand stories of his own past and of what the town had been like before Healy and De Valera. I think this human approach to *Finnegan* is extremely penetrating, and there seems no doubt that Joyce did mosaic a lot of grumbling about local politics, with supposed world background, into that text (surely it was very absurd for Joyce and Pound to make political recommendations in a style which could not affect votes); but Mr. Kenner gives no reason for supposing that the same is true of the earlier *Ulysses*. So far from having a human approach there, he denies that Stephen represents the young Joyce at all, even in *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Stephen represents a type incapable of development (p. 112), the heir of Hume, Shelley, H. G. Wells and all *that* lot, for whom Joyce, we are to gather, felt the same unqualified contempt as Mr. Kenner does. Joyce in fact was simply a Roman Catholic philosopher, devoted to Aquinas and occupied in bemoaning the whole of European thought since the Renaissance. Now, on the face of it, Joyce consistently said he had rejected violently the religion he had been brought up in; surely there is a tiny suggestion of special pleading if a critic takes for granted that every implication of that is only "irony."

The theology, of course, alters the literary effect; for example, the endings of all three novels have to be called "ironical". "Some critics have over-sentimentalised" the exultant last words of Molly in *Ulysses*; they only "mark her authority over this animal kingdom of the dead" (p. 262). Mr. Kenner regrets that Joyce "for structural reasons" had to put the Anna Livia episode, in which for once "writer and reader are being borne along", at the end of *Finnegans Wake*; people like it best and think it representative of the book, whereas the really high-minded parts are the nasty-tempered ones (p. 298). The last forty pages of the *Portrait*, in which the liberated Stephen feels that life is opening before him, are described as "painful reading"; but they are all right once you realise that the author despises "life", as Mr. Kenner does, and meant you to despise the whole triumphant end of his book (p. 121). There is a similar point about *Exiles* (p. 89).

This disgust for life, of course, explains why such critics never think it would be a happy ending for Bloom to get the son he wants; a "spiritual" son is all a philosopher could want. To be a real father is quite shocking: "The panther-theme exfoliates into an image of paternity *secundum carnem*, laying its curse on all the inhabitants of this animal hell" (p. 246); as for mother-love, it is "rank nursery sentimentality" (p. 306). But Joyce was a family man himself, and not at all afraid of sentiment; also he was cross with priests and their claim to spiritual paternity; in his mind, only a real son for Bloom would count. The contrast is carried very far. Answering an old objection of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, that there are no interesting ideas in the book, Mr. Kenner is triumphant: "It is precisely the pathetic absurdity of Bloom's and Stephen's bits and pieces of speculation that is being exposed" (p. 209). He points out the happiness for a fit reader of watching this exposure; it is like the bliss which the blessed were said to extract, as he recalls with complacent approval, from their perpetual view of the tortures of the damned (p. 157). Now I think that to read Joyce like this, as solely concerned to jeer at all human affections, is to make him a very disgusting author; in fact, to make him exactly what the early critics supposed when they denounced him. To have a critic in sympathy with this frame of mind does not make it any more agreeable.

Perhaps to strengthen his position, Mr. Kenner jeers at the '*transition*' group, who rallied round Joyce, and at Joyce's biographer, Stuart Gilbert, whom he helped with inside information; Joyce, he feels, must have been jeering at them in his heart (p. 360). I expect he thought his friends decent people enough, but I too need to maintain that he kept a secret from them. This is not unlikely, because it was the duty of a disciple of Ibsen who had written a Problem Novel; only if the public worked out the meaning for themselves, by a gradual process of debate and turmoil, would it enter deeply into their minds. He would endure a great deal of denigration for this high purpose.

* *Dublin's Joyce*. By HUGH KENNER. *Chatto & Windus*. 25*s*.

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COLLINS

But, then again, he was a very self-important man, rightly enough; he was unlikely to think that nothing important had happened at the crisis of his autobiography, and he was very unlikely to present to the world, under the guise of himself when young, a character totally incapable of developing into a creative writer. If he had lived long enough to see his books made respectable for classrooms at the cost of this frightful distortion, there seems no doubt, he would have been driven to break his conscientious silence.

We didn't in England have such thorough controversy over "humanism", twenty or thirty years ago, as the Americans did; though Dr. Leavis has rather the same resonance. We do not therefore easily realise that the reason why Bloom, Stephen, Hume, Shelley and so forth are all treated as sub-human by Mr. Kenner is that they are "humanists". It strikes me that the anti-humanists, now that they are a secure orthodoxy, are overplaying their hand.

WILLIAM EMPSON

Declaration of Dependence

My love is like a river as she flows;
I trim it featly bobbing in the flood.
Where we shall arrive at neither knows,
Certain shipwreck every lap confides.
Questions on the way or run aground
Are out of order like my steering gear.
In the Aeolian cordage of my mind
Gusts of self-approval make the sound
Of sirens singing in a hero's ear.
No use to tell this drunken helmsman now,
Spurning the omens, scum upon the wrack,
That while before his preening prow
Her waters part,
They meet behind his back.
You're not the only wise, whose sails are slack.

P. J. KAVANAGH

Tenants of the House

They said proudly, "Our demon," pointing to
the strange house and the famous tenant who
sang in the night with every light put out.
But his song was true, no mere ranting shout.

Sensual intruders rejoiced and danced
to his songs and, if in time, it chanced
the ceiling sagged with sound and the walls
cracked,
well, he sang the great passion others lacked.

His powerful voice broke all the windows
which transparencies must be paid in prose
not by mad fictions of a singing clown.
Some applauded when his roof fell down.

Then winter came when whistling beggars
freeze.
He, from inner fires, sang catastrophies
while neighbours jigged with roaring joy outside
until laughing that tragic singer died.

Now all cry: "Regard that desperate ruin
of a life, example of Dionysian sin,"
and begin to rebuild, replace the roof,
finding one devil damnable enough.

The new choir that moves in is neat and sane
and dare not whistle in the dark again.
In bowler hats they sing with flat, sharp voices
but no one dances, nobody rejoices.

DANNIE ABSE

Mighty Opposites

Grand Strategy, Vol. V. By JOHN EHRMAN. History of the Second World War, U.K. Military Series. Edited by J. R. M. BUTLER. *H.M.S.O.* 42*s.*

"The manner," Sir Winston Churchill informed his colleagues at the Quebec Conference in September 1944, "in which the situation had developed since the Teheran Conference gave the impression of remarkable design and precision of execution. . . He was firmly convinced that future historians would say that the period since Teheran had shown the successful working of an extraordinarily efficient inter-Allied war machine."

Sir Winston reckoned without Mr. Ehrman. This is the volume to which he looked forward: it covers precisely the period of inter-allied strategy between the conferences of Teheran and Quebec; and the picture which emerges, as the author expertly and urbanely guides us through a mass of documentation, is far from that which Sir Winston so confidently foresaw. Indeed his own memoirs record how remotely staff conferences resembled "those broad, happy uplands where everything is settled for the greatest good of the greatest number by the common sense of most after the consultation of all. . . the actual conflict had to be more like one ruffian bashing the other on the snout with a club, a hammer or something better". This is certainly much more like the situation depicted by Mr. Ehrman. The Germans and the Japanese are comparatively minor figures in the background; and the front line, as many harassed staff-officers found, was an oasis of refuge from the fell incensed points of mighty opposites allegedly co-operating in the conduct of the war.

The discussion of strategy on a global scale inevitably gave rise to a mass of interlocking conflicts—between allies, between services, between theatres of war and between departments of state: conflicts so intense that it seems in retrospect astounding that they should have resulted in any action against the enemy at all. The American and British Chiefs of Staff were in conflict over the deployment of forces in the invasion of Europe: the Americans wished to adhere strictly to the formula agreed upon in 1943 for the invasion of France, the British to adopt a more flexible policy which might exploit success wherever it occurred. In the Far East the Americans pressed for the shortest route to Japan, via China and the Pacific Islands; the British Government—though not the British Chiefs of Staff—demanded, for political reasons, a strategy which would enable them to appear as liberators in South-East Asia. Sometimes the conflicts cut across national barriers: Harris and Spaatz opposed a united front to the demand that their strategic bombing plan should be modified in favour of preparations for Overlord. The conflicts over Far Eastern strategy between MacArthur and Nimitz, and between Churchill and his own Chiefs of Staff, showed that disagreement need be no less acute for being domestic. Finally, if all other causes of quarrel lapsed, there was always the intransigent figure of de Gaulle to guarantee that no British or American leader could ever be assured of a night's untroubled rest.

The bitterness of these polemics needs little explanation: the tensions of the war, the size of the stakes involved, the natural belligerence of dominating personalities who had fought their way to the top in a hard school, all account for much. In the background were the divergent political aims—American suspicion of British intentions in the Balkans, British fears for her position in the Far East. In the immediate foreground, connecting inseparably the plans for Normandy and for Anzio, for Burma and for the Côte d'Azur, was that great bottleneck of amphibious warfare, shortage of suitable landing-craft, which made it impossible to fulfil completely any commitment save at the expense of the others. One can sympathise with the American view that when immense labour had

resolved all the difficulties in an agreed programme, that programme should be binding. But the result was a rigidity and an inertia which the mercurial Churchill in particular found lamentable: he had no patience with "lawyers' agreements made in all good faith months before and persisted in without regard to the ever-changing fortunes of war". The conduct of war, after all, requires that one should be able to seize opportunities—such as that offered by the German collapse in Italy in the summer of 1944, when the British authorities unanimously and almost tearfully pleaded with the Americans to cancel the projected landing in the South of France and let them pursue the Germans through the Ljubljana Gap into Central Europe. It was, Churchill told Roosevelt, "the first major strategic and political error for which we two have to be responsible". There can be little doubt that on this occasion the British were right and that American rigidity, both here and in North-West Europe, prolonged the war by a further bloody six months. But the Americans had already suffered a great deal from British changes of plan; and if they prolonged the war in Europe, they shortened it in the Pacific beyond British expectations by anything up to two years.

Polemical as is the scene which Mr. Ehrman reveals, he shows fully and fairly that the conflicts were vital and inescapable, and that they were on the whole conducted with dignity, courtesy and common sense. The allied war-leaders had travelled far since the days of Haig and Nivelle and Lloyd George. A comparison with the affairs of our adversaries, moreover, shows that, much as the Germans still had to teach us about the conduct of battles, we left them standing at the post when it came to the conduct of a war. None the less, one would recommend to every ambitious staff-officer a study, not only of the Field Service Regulations, but of Francis Cornford's *Miscrocosmographia Academica*. A military edition of this indispensable work seems to be long overdue.

MICHAEL HOWARD

À Nous La Liberté?

Automation: Friend or Foe? By R. H. MACMILLAN. *Cambridge*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

What Automation Does to Human Beings. By GEORGE SOULE. *Sidgwick & Jackson*. 15*s*.

The Economic Consequences of Automation. By PAUL EINZIG. *Secker & Warburg*. 21*s*.

The word "automation" is still new, newer than the phrase "welfare state", but the number of books and articles about it has now reached formidable proportions. It is only a quarter of a century since René Clair satirised push-button factories and less than ten years since the enthusiastic Mr. John Diebold coined the key word, but already push-button factories exist and the key word has passed from prophets to pioneers and from pioneers to "routinisers." In 1956, however, the word looms larger than the factories. It charms or frightens people who often have little idea what it means, and fits all too easily into an over-stocked vocabulary of slogans and clichés. From the tone of current argument, with its use of inflated terms like "our second industrial revolution," it is not easy for a layman to deduce that the introduction of "automation" is likely to be gradual rather than abrupt, that it will be limited in scope and not a universal provider, and that far from leading to relentless and inevitable consequences, it is subject to human control. Whatever the enchanted or the intimidated may suggest, we still have the liberty to think about it coolly without retreating into mysticism or nightmares.

There is a significant difference between the approach to automation in the United States and Great Britain. As Mr. Soule points out, the ordinary American assumes not that each new invention is guilty until proved innocent, but that it is good in itself. If evil results follow, they are held to be incidental and possible to banish without hampering the source of change. In Great Britain, the question "friend or foe?" is posed from the outset and goes on being posed at every stage in the development of a new technique. Unfortunately the question is usually answered in a naive manner, and in the meantime both British enterprise and British labour lag behind their American opposite numbers. Cool thinking is just as necessary to undermine the unspoken philosophy of *dolce far niente* as it is to curb excesses of strong feeling.

These three new books are all useful in stimulating thought. They add little that is original to the existing discussion of automation, but originality is not their objective. They set out to expound rather than to explore. Of the three, by far the best is the competent and illuminating little book by the Cambridge engineer, Mr. Macmillan. Modest in scope, it provides an excellent introduction both to the techniques of automatic control and production and to the economic and social problems involved in the re-equipment of factories. Because it gets behind the magic word "automation" and talks about real things (beginning with Papin's home-made pressure cooker in 1680), it is an invaluable corrective to popular rhetoric. The conclusion is as restrained as the argument. Not a single expert, Mr. Macmillan remarks, believes that any *sudden* change is likely to occur in our social and economic life solely as a result of the exploitation of the new techniques. Indeed, "we should not expect anything more extensive than we have witnessed in the last twenty-five years." This assessment should be considered carefully by as many people as possible. It diverges so sharply from opinions expressed in the press, in business and trade union circles and on the public platform that, like the still, small voice of calm, it may go almost unnoticed. In the meantime, unless there is much clearer thinking about what really is happening and what really can be done, fear of, or fascination for, a word may divert argument from more pressing social and economic issues, may lead to serious social complications and confuse the general public.

Neither Mr. Soule, who writes very discursively, nor Mr. Einzig, who writes somewhat pretentiously, adds a great deal to what Mr. Macmillan has summarised so effectively. Nearly all Mr. Soule's examples are designed to reach the American rather than the English reader, and having drawn a contrast between the American and European situations, the author forgets that what he can tell the Americans about this subject is not necessarily what the Europeans wish to know. The difficult economic situations of the European countries are overlooked in a book which breathes technical optimism: so too are the inhibitions and frustrations of European workers and businessmen. Mr. Einzig, by contrast, is all too well aware of them. Instead of emphasising the "limitless search of science," he talks of the perils of overfull employment, the burdens of taxation, the intricacies of the balance of payments and the sins of organised labour. He dignifies his field of study by calling it Automation Economics (with capital letters) and makes the bold claim that automation gives rise to a number of questions which cannot be answered in terms of the existing body of economic principles. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he has become so fascinated by a word that he has forgotten what economic principles are. In practice, he manages well enough with the principles that have been employed by many others before him, and gives no reasons for distinguishing the economics of innovations in general from Automation Economics. As the writers of an important P.E.P. pamphlet, *Towards the Automatic Factory* (June 1955), put it, "generally speaking automation presents no economic problem that has not been created already by the mechanisation of processes." Mr. Einzig's catalogues of economic causes and consequences of automation are sometimes ill-digested fare and many of his comments about English businessmen and workers open to general criticism. It would

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be a pity if this book were to succeed in stopping people from thinking by implying that the answers are as clear as Mr. Einzig sometimes suggests. If instead, however, it provokes disagreement and argument, it may well serve the same purpose as the other two books—of encouraging people to get behind words and to cease to be the slaves of them.

The logic of technical change revealed in the recent history of automation gives us some notion, hidden from our ancestors, of the possible direction of further technical changes over the next half century. We thus have the liberty, if we care to use it, of choosing both the social means and the social consequences of technical advance. Three obstacles to action are as dangerous as the obstacles to clear thinking. First, as Mr. Einzig points out, the economic effects of automation are different in expanding and contracting economies, and it is important that technical change in England should not be associated in the popular imagination with deflation and depression. Secondly, the wise handling of industrial relations is essential to technical progress: Mr. Macmillan talks better sense on this question than Mr. Einzig. Thirdly, conflicts of interest must be confronted honestly and not dissolved in syrupy exhortation. The problem of the future is not simply one of technical or scientific forecasting, but of ensuring effective communication between governments and governed, managers and workmen, experts and laymen. The paradox of our liberty is that in this field of action, *pace* René Clair, we may even be able to learn lessons from our machines.

ASA BRIGGS

More Than Adlestrop

Edward Thomas. By H. COOMBES. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

This book surely exaggerates the neglect with which Edward Thomas's poetry was treated during the first thirty years after his death. His collected poems went into eight impressions between 1920 and 1949. It is true, as Mr. Coombes says, that the anthologies—and, he might have added, the reference books—have not done him justice. But better poets have been neglected or misunderstood for longer; the overvaluation of inferior poets ensures a correspondingly rapid eclipse; and the recognition of Thomas is juster and more permanent for being delayed. What, in any case, are thirty years in the history of poetry?

Robert Frost's well-known advice to his younger admirer—to write the kind of thing he had been writing in prose, as verse—was some of the best ever given by one writer to another. Mr. Coombes is right to insist on the difference between the two poets, but the surface resemblances are considerable. The work of both shows a certain matter-of-factness of tone combined with unusual objectivity, a liking for homely, angular turns of phrase, a power of suggestion behind an appearance of plainness. But just as there are things in Frost quite beyond Thomas's range, so there are poems by Thomas which Frost could never have achieved—for example, the profoundly moving, and at the same time disturbing, *Tears*:

> It seems I have no tears left. They should have fallen—
> Their ghosts, if tears have ghosts, did fall—that day
> When twenty hounds streamed by me, not yet combed out
> But still all equals in their rage of gladness
> Upon the scent, made one, like a great dragon
> In Blooming Meadow that bends towards the sun
> And once bore hops: and on that other day
> When I stepped out from the double-shadowed tower
> Into an April morning, stirring and sweet
> And warm. Strange solitude was there and silence.
> A mightier charm than any in the Tower
> Possessed the courtyard. They were changing guard,
> Soldiers in line, young English countrymen,
> Fair-haired and ruddy, in white tunics. Drums
> And fifes were playing "The British Grenadiers."
> The men, the music piercing that solitude
> And silence, told me truths I had not dreamed,
> And have forgotten since their beauty passed.

This is characteristic Thomas. It is an exploration rather than a statement of experience; it perfectly reflects Thomas's *malaise*, his melancholia, his reticence; it is also remarkably modern in tone and technique, and in its refusal to be tidied up into the kind of poem that satisfied Georgian anthologists. No doubt Thomas was an unhappy and unfulfilled man; no doubt "something held him back from the fullest kind of self-exposure"; no doubt he was one who, like Gray, "never spoke out." But he refused to fake a poem, to say what he did not feel; and perhaps it was this honesty—a quality never admired by a poet's contemporaries—which delayed his recognition. Despite his reticence, his isolation, his self-imprisonment, he achieved a body of 140 poems, a dozen or more of which are likely to remain a permanent enrichment of English poetry. This is a fair reward.

So it seems to me unnecessary for Mr. Coombes to call him "only a fine minor poet." "Major and minor" are words beloved by critics but really irrelevant to poetry. "Majority" is a relative term, depending largely on the taste of the age. Cowley, I believe, was a major poet to Johnson's generation. If Thomas was "only a fine minor poet," is our age to be blamed for not admiring him sufficiently? And is he a fit subject for an 80,000-word monograph? Mr. Coombes is a sensitive and percipient reader—and surely no one would trouble to read Thomas who wasn't—but is he more? One would expect a critic to relate Thomas more positively to the poetry of his time, to give some hint as to how he valued Thomas's contemporary, Davies, for instance, who has been, to my mind, equally misjudged. But apart from some tentative comparisons with Keats, Arnold, Frost, and Hardy, Thomas is considered more or less *in vacuo*. There are many pages of painstaking analysis which take the intelligent reader no further than he could take himself. It must be questioned whether the reader's time would not be better spent re-reading the poems themselves than groping his way through passages like this:

> That last line quoted above, for instance, with the sharp, distinct impact of "cannot," so finely divided by the significant parenthesis from the final "disappoint," and the consequent emphasis on that word even while it is at the same time "negatived" by "cannot," produces the same sort of positive strength out of an explicit negative statement as we saw operating on that other final line of a poem. . . .

From this one turns to the poems with relief. But after all, good criticism is, as Housman said, rarer than good poetry.

JAMES REEVES

New Novels

A Single Pebble. By JOHN HERSEY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Shadow of Authority. By ROBERT WALLER. *Cape.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Sleep of Reason. By WARREN MILLER. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Of Trees and the Sea. By EDGAR MITTELHOLZER. *Secker & Warburg.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Don't let the modest title fool you: *A Single Pebble* is a deep and challenging novel. It tells the story of a young American engineer who set out in the Twenties to survey the Yangtze River for the site of a vast dam, intended to tame its engulfing waters, check its yearly floods, bring power, light, and the West to seventy-five million Chinese. To this end the American travelled upriver through the gorges from Ichang to Wanhsien in one of the big immemorial junks, dragged against the current and through the rapids—nearly two hundred miles—by a team of trackers struggling along the shore. Living aboard the junk, the only stranger, he was brought into a

stranger's contact with the owner and his young wife, and with Old Pebble, the head tracker, central figure of the tragedy that developed later. Old Pebble, with his shaven head and his ragged jacket, with his thin strange songs, his quick wits and wiry muscles and sudden fathomless rages, stood for the ancient China that the dam would slowly destroy. He shared its patience, the laborious patience of pyramid-builders: he shared its courage and obstinate dignity, its deep sensitiveness to hurt. Blindly progressive, the American hurt his pride, perhaps hastened the tragedy. At the end, Old Pebble aroused anger, pity, and respect: the American feared him and feared for him, was puzzled, shaken, lonely, awed by failure and regret.

I'll not reveal more, since the book's power and drama partly depend on one's growing realisation of what's about to happen—the slow thrust of inevitability and bafflement in alien feelings brought face to face. But in case this blurb-synopsis should be misleading, let me note a few things that this book is not. It's not the sensitive man's *Quiet American*: it's not a Chinese supplement to *Stranger in Italy*: it's not just endurance-reportage in the neo-Kon-Tiki vein. Indeed, its moving and dramatic simplicity reminded me of Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*. Only occasionally, when its prose became mannered, Faulknerised, did its real sincerity seem suspect: but the narrator's genuine perplexity and his lack of glib conclusiveness at the outcome seemed to me convincing, far more than a mere slick essay on Inscrutable-East-meets-Antiseptic-West.

In lighter company, Robert Waller's *Shadow of Authority* would undoubtedly have headed the list. Since *Nineteen-Eighty-Four*, novels about the future face stiffish competition: but this one, which describes an immensely plausible National Publishing Authority established in 1980, complete with Director of Taste and Literary Advisory Committee, owes less to prophetic fantasy than to expert and very funny satire on contemporary trends. Mr. Waller's N.P.A., his Ministry of Culture, his Appointments Board, his Provincial Assistants' Meetings and Boards of Governors, all have a fearful actuality far removed from the nightmares of Kafka, Orwell, and William Sansom. Right down to the last thwarted shorthand-typist and the last double-edged Departmental Minute, Mr. Waller knows his world—the B.B.C., the Arts Council, any Ministry, any mammoth chairborne technocracy. Even the high politics, rarely credible in books of this nature, have the ring of truth. You may feel, at the end, that the plot itself is slender, that the satire's positive side is weak: but such weaknesses are incidental and brilliantly disguised. The real quality of the book is in the texture of its wit and satire, fine, elegant, and alert: "By now he could only follow the line of greatest external pressure, though as he was such a highly educated man, he was very skilled at making this seem like an act of his own will." *Touché?*

The Sleep of Reason is also witty, in the dry, articulate, and (to my mind) faintly soporific manner of Miss Compton-Burnett. Apparently unpublished in the States, although by an American author, it might be regarded as one of the Hundred Best Satires on McCarthyism. In fact, it has rather a tired air by this time, despite a pleasant idea for a TV programme—"Meet Your Congressman's Secretary." Otherwise, its satire is sharp but crudely explicit, and its central love-interest seems perfunctory. Why is it, incidentally, that in so many current burlesques the hero keeps *being seduced?*

The same odd phenomenon of quenchless womanhood crops up in Edgar Mittelholzer's latest novel, *Of Trees and the Sea*—together with a good deal more indiscriminate venery, incest, bastardy, and tedious sniggering disguised as Good Healthy Fun. Local Barbados colour is liberally daubed on, in a curious blend of the sinister, the macabre, and the farcical. You may enjoy the book for its travelogue value, as a floral and linguistic curio. Personally, I found it pretentious, over-written, and silly.

RICHARD MAYNE

The Rakish Duke

A Prince of Mantua. By MARIA BELLONCI. Translated by STUART HOOD. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25*s.*

The hero of this book is Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua in the latter years of the sixteenth century, who with every advantage of person, race and wealth fell somehow short in his undertakings, involved many of those dearest to him in bitter misfortune and helped to prepare the ruin that, eighteen years after his death, overwhelmed his House.

The book is described as a biography, but it is so fancifully and subjectively written that "portrait" might be a more accurate term: indeed, at times it leaps over the fence into the field of the historical novel. Such a sentence, for example, as "Behind the curtain the Countess Langosco felt the last curving trace of her smile die painfully away at the corners of her mouth" would surely belong, if it belonged anywhere, in a work of the imagination. This is not to cry down the author's achievement, for a great deal of careful research and honest work have obviously gone into her three hundred florid pages. The bold, rakish, vivid figure of the Duke himself and the tumults and splendours and squalors of the time he lived in would run away with all but the coolest pen; and Signora Bellonci has her full share of Italian fire and rather more than her share of that "sensibility" on which women authors anywhere are so apt, alas, to pride themselves.

Again, in his ambitions, military and dynastic, Vincenzo Gonzaga was a typical figure of the Italian Renaissance. Why, then, must Signora Bellonci fit him up with a "desperate desire to prove himself" resulting from the domination over him of his father, the hunchback Duke Guglielmo? What did he do that others did not, without any hunchbacked fathers to spur them on? In historical writing a little fact is worth a deal of fancy, and while the author is certainly generous with her facts and at her best when confining herself to them, she continually blurs the narrative with outbreaks of intuition.

This is probably a matter of taste: some will prefer their history straight, while others no doubt enjoy the processed variety. And even those who are not in sympathy with the author's method will find much to admire in her book, so rich is the material, so varied and perplexing the character of the Duke. Tender and violent, devout and worldly, reckless and timid, gay and melancholy, a murderer and a lover of life, he managed the warring sides of his nature by giving rein to all in turn. Underlying them was the longing for power and aggrandisement often found in men who possess great vitality without creative talent, as well as their ruthlessness. He loved his first bride, the fourteen-year-old Margherita Farnese, but when on the wedding-night the little girl was found to have a malformation likely always to prevent her being wife or mother, he stood aside, merely sending her kind messages, while others bullied and badgered her into a convent. Blood-chilling, too, is the story of her brother Ranuccio Farnese's revenge: how for thirty years he nursed his hatred of Vincenzo until opportunity came, and on the basis of lying confessions extracted by torture, he cooked up such monstrous charges against him as convulsed the political life of the day and brought many of Vincenzo's friends, among them the once mighty Countess of Sala, to the scaffold.

It sounds like Grand Guignol, this record of events not unusual in that age we are apt to think of as splendid: the devilish torture of innocent men, with Piozasco the judge sitting beside them, guiding them in their lies, picking out of the welter just those which served him in building up the indictment: the obscene gesture of the executioner in drawing up the skirts on the headless body of the Countess, to show the beauty of her limbs to the mob below: Vincenzo dying of fever at home meanwhile, unconscious of what is happening: the tall, black-gowned Jesuit rising

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EDGAR MITTELHOLZER
Of Trees and the Sea

"When he is dealing with his native West Indies, his particular gift for sardonic, fantastic comedy not only justifies itself but takes on a realistic note." *Sunday Times.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

WARREN MILLER
The Sleep of Reason

"With wit and wisdom he savages the sacred name and reputation of Senator McCarthy." *Sphere.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

JEAN-LOUIS CURTIS
Side of the Angels

The destiny of eight contrasted individuals in post-war Paris. "As a portrait of a period, vivid, rounded, balanced, it would be hard to match in the post-war generation." *Times Lit. Supp.* 18*s.*

THE HUMAN PROSPECT
Lewis Mumford

A selection of his recent essays on architecture and town-planning by the author of *Culture of Cities* and *Condition of Man.* 21*s.*

SECKER & WARBURG

on the scaffold when all the blood was shed to exhort the people to love and trust their good Duke Ranuccio, gloating over the horror of it in his Palace.

Vendettas and intrigues do not occupy the entire stage. The Duke's many and extravagant loves have their place on it, while the character-drawing of his wife Leonora (dei Medici), sage, watchful and disciplined, is one of the best, most economical, in the book. There is an interesting chapter, with here and there a welcome touch of humour, on Vincenzo's unlucky participation in the Crusade against the Turk in Europe. Crafty ecclesiastics, Italian princelings so jealous of each other that an invitation to a wedding touches off an insane wrangle about precedence, Albanian adventurers beside whom the most wily Italian finds himself a mere freshman, steal in and out of these crowded pages.

Mr. Hood, that excellent translator, has faithfully rendered the exuberance of the original. I could wish that he had toned it down a little, and even done some pruning now and again; but he may have thought it not his place.

HONOR TRACY

The Squirearchy

The Squire and His Relations. By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. *Cassell.* 42*s.*

A thorough study of the social status, economic importance and political influence of the landed gentry in England from Chaucer's day to the 20th century would demand a lifetime of research or a team of devoted American researchers. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford is bold enough to tackle this vast subject without any such help. As a historian he works on his hunch rather than hard facts. With him a pleasant course of general reading and a speculative turn of mind replace the rigours of laborious investigation; and, in accordance with his patriotic and conservative bias, it is no surprise to find him reaching the comfortable conclusion that the system of land tenure in England for the last 250 years under the control of the squirearchy has been an admirable thing in itself and far better than anything the benighted Continent has had to offer.

The first recognisable Squires are Shakespeare's Sir Thomas Lucy and Justice Shallow, the type of smug, restless, muddle-headed, domineering and ludicrous landowner still extant at Hogsnorton today. With the eighteenth century came the reign of the beneficent Squire, according to Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's thesis, stretching from Turnip Townshend to Coke of Norfolk and the Duke of Bedford. These high-minded agriculturists settled down to improving their estates after their Grand Tours abroad had enlightened their minds and polished their manners. The French Revolution and Napoleonic era rewarded the landlords richly for their progressive farming but ruined their characters, reducing them to a sorry lot of gamekeepers and foxhunters. Queen Victoria brought them a veneer of religion; and the latter part of her reign infused new blood into their ranks. To buy a landed estate, subscribe to the Hunt and share one's pheasants became the recognised route whereby a successful business man of dubious origins could emerge in County society as a gentleman. The practice persists to this day.

Of course, there have been good squires and bad squires. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford admits as much, and, indeed, enlivens his story with the exploits of some of the more rollicking and unbridled members of the class. But he holds that socialist complaints against the entire system are unjustified. Why have there been no large-scale peasant revolts since the Middle Ages? Why, if farm labourers are victimised and maltreated, do they vote Tory? Because the landlords in their hunting, shooting way, have done their duty by the land; they have loyally lived the seasons round on their estates and never run away to London. In this rosy picture the tenant farmer seems strangely omitted. By acting as intermediary between those who own the land and those who work on it, it was he who bore the brunt of any animosity there might be going. Provided he coughed up the rent, he was allowed to treat the agricultural labourers as he pleased; and he had the tied cottage to help him. When a man can see his wife and family put "on the road" at a week's notice, it makes him wonderfully long-suffering—it may even induce him to touch his hat to the squire, as a magistrate who may have a say in his eviction. That practice too persists to this day.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Sovereign Lady

The Empress Wu. By C. P. FITZGERALD. *Cresset.* 25*s.*

Professor Fitzgerald writes with such wit and style that the uninformed are inclined to assume—quite mistakenly—that his very charm betokens a want of learning. Twenty years ago he told in *Son of Heaven*, a splendid book, the story of Li Shih-min, the remarkable founder of the T'ang dynasty (A.D. 618-906). This time the story is continued in a biography of the no less remarkable woman who married Li Shih-min's worthless son, ruled for him during most of his long reign, and made herself some time after his death a Sovereign Lady—the only one that China, in her immense history, has ever had.

Chinese imperial palaces were small cities inhabited by a population of women and eunuchs and one complete male, the Emperor—a sort of King Bee. At fixed times the Emperor, in order to perform his official duties and consult with his ministers, emerged from this hive. The women (theoretically, at any rate) never did. Contrary to the salacious imaginings of the West, life in a Chinese emperor's harem was, for most of its inmates, almost conventual. When Wu Chao at the age of 13 entered this institution as a very junior subordinate in an establishment of 122 concubines, there seemed little likelihood of her ever darkening the pages of history; less still when eleven years later the Emperor died and his six-score inconsolable widows were packed off to end their days in a nunnery. Wu Chao had, however, taken the wise precaution of seducing the heir apparent during the Emperor's last illness, and the new Emperor soon had her back at the palace. There, after five years of patient scheming, she supplanted both the Empress and the Emperor's favourite mistress. These ladies were walled up in a palace prison and later done to death with sickening cruelty. Wu Chao became Empress and spent the next five years or so in eliminating the elder statesmen who had opposed her elevation. When she was 35 the Emperor suffered some sort of seizure, and Wu Chao became effective regent, concealing herself in the audience chamber behind a screen, from which she shouted wrathfully if interviews were not going according to plan.

The intrigues of Chinese royal women were usually directed towards the aggrandisement of their own families leading, in extreme cases, to a change of dynasty. Not so the Empress Wu, who loathed her own family and liquidated it almost to a nephew—some by the ingenious device of murdering one and punishing the rest for the murder. She proceeded to a purge of awkward elements in the Emperor's family after 675, when a second stroke made the end seem imminent. Even so, the young man who became Emperor in 683 proved insufficiently docile, and was replaced, after a year, by a younger and still more timorous son. Soon afterwards she decided to become Sovereign in name and, to eliminate opposition, instituted a Secret Police under the management of two monsters by whom thousands of innocents were killed or tortured. In 690 she judged the time ripe, deposed the T'ang emperor and inaugurated a new dynasty.

Years of patient service as a dutiful wife and conscientious administrator had left an unsated yearning for fun, and Wu Chao's vigorous old age was passed mostly in amusements: building and young men. The first young man was a pedlar whom she turned into an abbot and loaded with honours. He grew presumptuous and had to be destroyed. After him she favoured a pair of brothers who painted themselves. But at 80 the old lady was growing ill and losing her sense of proportion, and instead of having her favourites put down when they over-reached themselves, she crushed the friends and relations who complained. At this point her ministers intervened and organised a palace revolt to depose her. The rumpus they made in killing "the Boys" fetched the old lady out of bed. Having withered the conspirators with a few well-chosen words, she stalked back to bed and shortly after died.

Such, in briefest outline, is the life of Wu Chao as related by the Chinese historians: a blood-drinking ghoul haunted by her victims' dying curses; an insatiable strumpet whose obscenities have been eagerly purveyed by generations of pornographic painters and writers. Yet the historians were Confucians to whom a woman ruler and a great Buddhist patron were anathema, men as little likely to do justice in her case as republican historians writing of Roman emperors. And Wu Chao's public acts and policies (except for the appalling Secret Police which she lived to deplore) were nearly all wise, successful and beneficial. The opposition to her was negligible. During the two main revolts against her, the army and civil service were loyal almost to a man. Until the approach of senility, she did not allow pleasure to interfere with business. Even the change of dynasty was little more than an old lady's fancy. She took no steps to preclude the T'ang restoration after her death which was being openly planned during her lifetime (hence her final crossness with the conspirators, who were anticipating). Moreover, the Golden Age of T'ang art and letters followed closely after her reign.

It is easy enough to see that Wu Chao has had a bad press. The difficulty is in knowing what to do with the sources when they are unanimously biased. Professor Fitzgerald deals with this problem in three ways: first, by discounting the scandals which are least well attested; second, by explaining to the reader—in a kind, avuncular way—how absolutism magnifies both the good and bad in a despot's character; and thirdly, by sandwiching large slices of history (for instance, the conquest and

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pacification of Korea) in between the court scandals of the biography, in order to show that Wu Chao, though a Bad Woman, was a Good Queen. This last device has the effect of making the book curiously like one of those radio feature programmes in which two male voices compete antiphonally for possession of a script.

Both for the whitewashers and for debunkers of the Cult of Personality the Empress Wu is a scoop. Thus, on the one hand, the Ch'ing novelist Li Ju-chen made her into the first great feminist; while, on the other hand, the German scholar Eberhard has reduced her to the figure-head of a political alliance between the gentry of Eastern China, the foreign merchants and the Buddhist Church. I doubt myself whether either her greatness or her cruelty can be quite demolished. It is, I think, her ability to handle men like Li Jen-kuei which compels us to acknowledge her as one of the world's great ladies. It is this, too, which justifies the almost inevitable comparison with our own first Elizabeth. But Wu Chao was certainly no Christian.

DAVID HAWKES

Week-end Competition

No. 1,380

Set by J. P. Mullarky.

The West Indies will shortly be formed into a Federation—the Caribbean Federation Bill has now passed the House of Lords. The usual prizes are offered for a Calypso in honour of Federation Day. Limit 12 lines; entries by August 21.

Result of No. 1,377

Set by J. P. Roderic

Penguins, inaugurated in 1935, come of age this month. Readers are invited to celebrate the occasion by offering verse congratulations.

Report

In Acrostic and pun, to the measures of Burns and Dylan Thomas, in noble ode and flippant epigram, the felicitations rolled in. Old memories were stirred: Ex-Able Seaman J. R. Till recalled the

comforts you once brought him,
Hammock-hungry, when you taught him
That those volumes with red covers
Could be pillows soft as plovers—

while S. F. W. wondered Whitmanesquely—

Can it be twenty-one years
Since I gave up visiting libraries, second-hand bookstalls and Bumpus?
Why is my knowledge in tens
Of everything?
Agatha Christie, Evelyn Waugh,
H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw?

Pelicans were honoured by Niall MacCarmaig for bestowing—

Now at a trifling cost
What might to most be lost
Ilian and Mantuan.

Stanley J. Sharpless is voted first spokesman at the birthday feast and wins three guineas for putting twenty-one years' achievement into four fizzing lines. A guinea and a half each to Pauline Phillips and Martin Jordan; and a half-a-guinea must really be tossed to Selidem. Commended: L. G. Udall, J. R. Till, Gloria Prince, Harry Broadbent, Guy Kendall, Jock Tam, Nancy Gunter, and Silvia Tatham.

Between stiff covers, Culture lay confined,
And serious reading was a proper bind;
Perceiving which, Sir Allen cried, "Absurd!"
And gave the world of publishing the bird.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Penguins and puffins and pelicans too
Dance in a bibliographical Zoo,
Celebrate soberly Coming-of-Age,
Each one announced by a liveried page.
On the Fellows' green lawn the fat pelicans stand
And the puffins are taking the children in hand,
Gay robed King Penguins majestically walk;
The penguins are legion—and how they all talk.
Psychology, bird-watching, history, crime,
Pictures and gardening, music and rhyme,
The world is their oyster in volumes galore.
(But even the penguins have got their Club bore*.)
Good luck to them all at their twenty-first ball,
How cheaply and well they have catered for all,
And watching the dance we must surely decide
That the noun of assembly for penguins is Pride.
**Chacun à son goût*

PAULINE PHILLIPS

Bill with his wooden O,
Bert with his posy;
Algy pursues his vice,
Rapturous, rosy.

Tom with his cactus-land,
Rob with his highlands;
Wystan explains about
Ultimate islands.

Aldous and his baroque,
Julian's monkeys,
Evelyn's conviction that
Most men are flunkeys.

Georges with his quays and crime,
Ray with his crooks—
Thanks for all Penguin
And Pelican books.

MARTIN JORDAN

A wonderful book is the Pelican,
It teaches us more than the telly can.

SELIDEM

City Lights

Methodical Ghost

"The business, established in 1908, *has an unbroken record of substantial progress. Its method of trading, known throughout Great Britain as 'The Drage Way of Furnishing out of Income' places within the reach of all the opportunity of acquiring a well-furnished home."*

It sounded solid enough in the spring of 1926 when the Drage Brothers issued their prospectus, pointed proudly to profits which had more than doubled in three years, and raised £400,000 from the public. But for the past 25 years Drages has been only the ghost of a company: public interest in the shares is limited to odd speculators and peculiar aunts. Nobody paid very much attention to the accounts when they came out this week.

Ghostly accounts need not be dull. One notices at once, for example, that Drages does not trade any more, but draws its income from investments. And they are clearly no ordinary investments: their market value dropped over £1m last year, yet they produced twice the income and allowed Drages to raise its dividend from 20 to 50 per cent. Then there is the subsidiary, formed during the year to rediscount bills—a subsidiary which, in spite of a capital of only £50,000, had a liability outstanding at the end of the year on a re-discounted bill of £513,700. And there is the odd fact that more than four-fifths of all current assets were tied up as a deposit with Great Universal Stores. Finally one works round to the most obvious point of all—that the chairmen of Great Universal and Drages are both Mr. Wolfson.

Drages, in fact, has long been a sort of private convenience for the Wolfson family. The famous "method" over-reached itself soon after the confident prospectus days of 1926, and control had to be sold out to Debenhams. Debenhams in turn had cause to regret its bargain. Profits began to drop steadily: by 1937 Debenhams had paid out nearly £200,000 under its agreement to guarantee the fixed dividends and lent the company £600,000 as well. The end seemed to have come. At this point there turned up a newly-formed finance house. It made a bid for the fixed-interest capital, and took over control from Debenhams in exchange for a promise to repay the £600,000 loan. The finance house, it later appeared, was acting for the Wolfson brothers. Drages, as a commercial concern, was gradually wound up. Mr. Wolfson became chairman, its trading assets were sold to Great Universal, its money was lent to Great Universal or invested in the shares of Great Universal. And this was the position a few years ago—a ghost company, 90 per cent.-owned by the Wolfson interests, which had very large assets in the form of GUS shares but which had not paid a dividend for 25 years.

Yet the shares fluctuated quite sharply from time to time; they would go down as low as 3d.

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CITY OFFICE: 163 MOORGATE, E.C.2.

and up as high as 8s. The market still hoped that Drages might be wound up and the large GUS investment sold for what it was really worth. In 1953 the hope suddenly became reasonable. It became known that the Inland Revenue was claiming the right to charge surtax on Drages' postwar income from investments, a thing it is liable to do when a company is controlled by less than five people and less than one-quarter of the shares are held by the general public. Drages fought the issue for some years and lost it. But Mr. Wolfson decided not to liquidate: he merely sold enough shares to bring his holding below the critical 75 per cent. mark. The question then, with a larger public interest in the company, was whether Drages would now pay a dividend, its first since 1930. It did, 20 per cent. in 1954, and now 50 per cent. for 1955; the shares are up to 18s. The Drage "method" is still working.

If a company wants to borrow £10,000 or more nowadays it has to get Treasury permission. To obviate the risk of being turned down a large number of ingenious and quite legal devices have been developed—forming a large number of subsidiaries, for example, or bidding with one's own shares for a company going into liquidation, or even persuading a friend to take over a moribund building society. The latest amendment to the Control of Borrowing Order lays it down that permission is needed for share issues when the consideration is the transfer of property to the issuing company. The vague phrasing is obviously intended to fill what might otherwise have become a very large hole in the net.

Whitbreads, for example, has long followed a policy of forming "friendly trade associations" with other brewers. It finds a firm, invests money in it, and gets a sizeable shareholding in exchange. The brewer is helped to extend his business: Whitbreads acquires a cheap investment and a valuable outlet for its products, gaining most of the advantages of a takeover bid at a much lower cost. A number of brewers have already come under Whitbreads aegis, and more will no doubt follow if Whitbreads can find the money to invest. It could, of course, have raised it by selling a debenture on its properties. Instead, it formed a subsidiary company in the spring, handed over its brewery investments, received shares and debenture stock in exchange, kept the shares, and sold the debenture (with official permission) to the public. A month later, Express Dairy (with the same finance house and the same brokers) handed over its properties to a newly-formed subsidiary property company, received shares and debenture stock in exchange, and sold off the debenture. The method seemed to have possibilities. There seemed little to stop any company from hiving off its assets to a subsidiary in exchange for shares and debentures, keeping the shares (and control), and selling off the debenture to raise money without asking for permission at all. Hence, no doubt, the latest order. And if its wording seems to allow the Whitbreads procedure while stopping that of Express Dairy, it must be remembered that the wording of these orders is subject to official "interpretation."

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 352. Why You Lose at Chess

Why indeed? This question, or rather this indictment is put in Fred Reinfeld's latest book (at *Simon & Schuster's*, New York, $3.95), and the author gives us some judicious answers lucidly illustrated by examples from master-practice. We lose because we're easily bored; because we're too lazy to win the hard way; or too stubborn to appreciate the limitations of the position and the wisdom of seeking a draw. For those of us who have neither the time nor the inclination to add appreciably to our store of theoretical knowledge, this is a useful book because it teaches us to make the most of our existent book-knowledge, or any rate some more than we used to make of it. In the section "You have no idea what kind of player you are" there is a chapter on the shock-value of surprise, and here is a position where Tarrasch failed to live up to his own words of wisdom, *it is not enough to be a good player, you must also play well.* So far (Black against Duras), he has played well enough, so well indeed that Duras rightly decides that only a swindle can save him. Hence (16) Kt x P. Now, by remaining calm and simply playing .. P x P. (17) P-Q4, P-B4! Black could get much the better of it. Yet, seeing that White would not be able to regain his piece three moves later (on account of (19) P x Kt? Kt-B1 !) Tarrasch did play (16) ... Q x Kt.

(17) P-Q4	Q-Q3	(24) P x P	Q-R5
(18) P-K5	Q-Q1	(25) Kt-Q2	P-KB3
(19) O-O-O ! !	Kt-Q2	(26) KR-Kt1 !	R-K2
(20) P-KB4 !	B-KKt2	(27) R-Kt4 !	Q-R4
(21) B x B	Kt x B	(28) Q-B3 ! !	Q-B2
(22) P-B5	Kt-B1	(29) P x P	Q x P
(23) QR-B1	P x P	(30) Q x P ch	resigns

Now for the sermon on winning the hard way and on what some grit and determination can do for us, what more shining example could be held out to us than Sammy Reshevsky in his usual predicament of having to do thirteen moves in less than a minute. Here—Black against Ulvestad—he has to think fast how to save those precariously posted horses, and he finds the only move (1) ... Q-R1 ! (2) Kt-Kt4, Kt x P ! ! (3) P x Kt, R x Kt. (4) Q-Q3, R-R5. (5) KR-QR1. This is much stronger than (5) P x P, P x P. (6) KR-QR1, B x P ! ! but again Sammy finds the only move. (5) ... P x P ! (6) R x Kt, R x R. (7) R x R, Q-Q4 ! (8) Q-B3, P x B. (9) Q x P, P x P. Still four more moves to be made in a matter of seconds, but now it was child's play, and Reshevsky's opponent resigned during the adjournment.

A: Rossolimo 1949

B: F. Lazard 1923

C: T. B. Gorgiev 1929

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced the issue in a couple of moves. **B**—a draw—and **C**—a win—are very pretty studies, but no bargains at 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by August 20.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 349. Set July 21

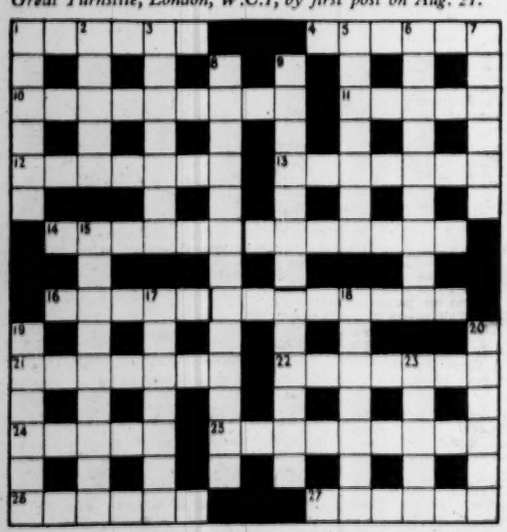
A: (1) Kt-R5 ch, RxKt, (2) RxKt ch, KxR, (3) R-K6 mate
B: (1) B-B4 ch, BxB (forced), (2) R-KKt8!, KxP, (3) RxP ch, K-Q1, (4) R-Kt6, Q-R2, (5) R-Kt8 ch, K-K2, (6) R-Kt7 ch, etc.
C: (1) P-K5, QxKP, (2) P—Q ch, K-Kt8!, (3) P-B3, Q-K8 ch, (4) B-Kt1, QxP!, (5) R-KKt7 ch!!, BxR, (6) Q-B1 ch!!, KxQ, (7) B-Q3 ch, K-K8!, (8) PxQ, K-Q7!, (9) B-B2!!, K-B8!, (10) B-Kt3! etc.

A good many (including some of the cracks), dropped a point by overlooking the final finesse of **C.** Prizes shared by D. E. Cohen and A. J. Roycroft. In the 26th ladder-decade C. Sandberg scored 894 points since starting from scratch after the 20th in April 1955. D. E. Cohen totted up 784 since last August. Third prize goes to C. Sansom (763) and 4th to J. R. Harman (717) who, like Cohen, was among the 22nd decade winners.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 211

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 211, N.S.&N. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Aug. 21.



ACROSS

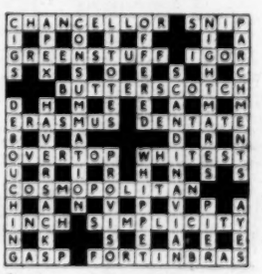
1. Club for the depositor (6).
4. River like work (6).
10. A nicety of behaviour which may appear unpolitic (9).
11. Weight in bushels of the crop I cultivated (5).
12. Conductor finished with foreign money (7).
13. The instructor caught her after something to drink (7).
14. A town esteems military glories (6, 7).
16. Shot a man with more than one wife somewhere in Scotland (5, 8).
21. Someone at the seaside is muddled in the middle (7).
22. A cold sheet (7).
24. Joins the course (5).
25. Dance with nothing between the crews and me (9).
26. Poetry union in Russia (6).
27. Hardly half the relics in the recess (6).

DOWN

1. Adherent of religion good in former times (6).
2. Course for a singer (5).
3. Make an appeal in the centre at Lord's (7).
5. Thus the piano artist is superior to no singer (7).
6. Hack prose churned out by a drudge (9).
7. The protector of the household comes in to declare the earnings (6).
8. "Idlers, game-preservers, and mere human —" (Carlyle) (13).
9. Games providing means whereby men may be moved swiftly (7, 6).
15. Call for a cake-walk? (9).
17. Joins up to reform lines round the street (7).
18. From the chaotic I retain the passive (7).
19. Handsome one gives a vote on love (6).
20. Simply make me have confidence (6).
23. Not secure, but there is nothing inside to mislay (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 209



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 209

Mrs. Woods (Hayes, Middx.), Mrs. Langham (Leicester), Mrs. Edwards (Glasgow, S.4)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. invites applications for Serbo/Croat Monitors with another Slav language. Duties: to report on radio transmissions in these languages. Qualifications: sound knowledge of world affairs, idiomatic knowledge of Serbo Croat and a good command of English. Perfect hearing and ability to type: knowledge of other languages an advantage. Salary £725 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £960 max., with promotion to higher grade in the salary range £855-£1,115 in due course. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1978 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

THE University of Manchester, School of Education. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Child Psychology from men or women graduates with qualifications in psychology and experience with children. Salary at Lecturer grade £650 to £1,350 per annum according to age, qualifications and experience; at Assistant Lecturer grade £550 to £650 per annum. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. All applications to be sent not later than Sept. 1, 1956, to Registrar, University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Camberwell. Public Relations, Entertainments and Road Safety Officer. Salary, National Scale A.P.T. V (£825—£1,000 inclusive of London weighting), together with expense allowance of £100 per annum. Car allowance also payable if successful applicant has a car. Duties will include publicity for Council's activities, liaison with the Press, Road Safety, Municipal Entertainments and supervision of Information Centre and Community Centres. Local Government experience desirable. Appointment is permanent and superannuable. No housing accommodation provided. Application form which contains fuller particulars from Town Clerk, Town Hall, Camberwell, S.E.5. Closing date Wednesday, August 22, 1956.

LIBRARIAN, Grade IV. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for one pensionable post in Colonial Office Library in London. Age at least 22 years on May 1, 1956. Candidates must be Fellows or Associates of the Library Association, or hold the Diploma of the London University School of Librarianship. They should have had some practical experience of library classifying and cataloguing. Starting salary £525 (women £519) at age 22 to £625 (women £601) at age 25 or over. Maximum £1,000 (women £888). Women's pay being improved under equal pay scheme. Promotion prospects. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4605/56/7. Completed applications should be returned by August 20, 1956. Candidates who have applied in the current competition for posts in Ministry of Supply and Government Communications Headquarters need not apply for the above vacancy.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Applications invited from suitably qualified women for post of Assistant Supervisor of Children's Homes. Salary according to qualifications and experience but will not exceed a maximum of £675 a year. Preference will be given to candidates with a University qualification in Child Care or Social Science. Experience of residential work with children an advantage. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

FAMILY Service Units are already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Stockport, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London, and is being pressed to extend its intensive work with "problem families" to many other parts of the country. Social caseworkers interested in participating in this development can obtain details by writing to 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

THE Federation of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs in N. Ireland. Appointment of Field Organiser. Applications from Women interested in working with young people are invited for the post of Field Organiser. The principal duties of the Field Organiser will lie outside the office, and will consist in assisting affiliated clubs all over Northern Ireland, promoting the formation of new clubs, organising training courses and inter-club activities. Preference will be given to ex-Service candidates. Salary scale: £400 × £20—£540 × £10—£550 per annum. The post may be made pensionable. Applications in writing, stating age, qualifications, experience, etc., together with the names of three referees, should be sent to the Secretary, Federation of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, 28 Bedford Street, Belfast, on or before August 31, 1956.

LONDON County Council requires assistant home help organiser for duty in first instance in Camberwell; energy and ability to manage staff required. Previous experience in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary: £493 10s × £35 5s—£634 10s. commencing according to quals. and expce. Pensionable post. Applicn. form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 7, 29 Peckham Road, S.E.5. Closing date August 22. (1542)

ACTORS' Equity reqs. secretary/stenographer. Trade Union scale to £9 7s. 6d. Write 8 Harley St., W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

YOUNG student wanted as companion to an intelligent blind Public School boy of 17. From August 20 to September 20. Daily from 11-5. Suitable remuneration. Please phone evening SPE. 2604 or write Box 6570.

HEADMASTER required in September to build up preparatory school near London. Small salary, flat and share of fees. Might suit retiring schoolmaster. Box 6522.

JUNIOR member of treatment team required for the Mulberry Bush Special School for Maladjusted Children. (Fully recognised by the Ministry of Education.) Salary £4 per week plus full board. Extremely stimulating and interesting work suitable for somebody who wants experience in this field. Apply: The Principal, The Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, Nr. Witney, Oxon.

FINE Art Booksellers, near Brit. Mus., offer post of Director's secretary. Good knowledge of German and French essential but Engl. mother tongue. Progressive post for right applicant. Handwritten applic., stating age, experience, salary required. Box 6572.

B.E.A. require Secretary/Personal Assistant to Assistant Training & Education Officer. Shorthand and typing speeds 100/50 w.p.m. Opportunities for promotion. Preference given to graduate applicants. Salary £9 3s to £10 13s. p.w., 5-day week, pension scheme, air travel concessions, canteen facilities. This year's holiday arrangements respected. Applications to Head Office Personnel Officer, British European Airways, Keyline House, Ruislip, Middlesex.

EDUCATION Officer of important national voluntary organisation—human relations field—needs enterprising personal secretary who for sake of interesting and worthwhile job can accept medium range salary. TEM. 9306 or Box 6567.

GENERAL Assistant reqd. by London Fine Art Publishers. Duties include typing invoices, handling prints, etc. Tel. HYD. 3116 for appt., or write Box 6602.

LADY secretary/stenographer reqd. for engineering firm's London office. Permanent starting sal. £10 wk. Should have good commercial knowl. & exp. Age preferably above 28. Foreign language helpful. Box 6601.

YOUNG lady required with intelligence and initiative for two evenings a week, shorthand-typing essential. Box 6574.

ARE you a person who grabs when opportunity knocks? If so, perhaps this is the job for you. A film company requires a junior press assistant who can write lucid copy, fast and accurately, and who can cope with the inevitable routine work of a very busy office. Commencing salary is £7 to £8, but the post is progressive and ability will be rewarded according to results and experience. Reply to Box 6580.

TRAVEL Service reqs. adaptable, alert secretary with good sh./typing speeds. Knowledge German advantage. Box 6635.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists for summer holiday relief work, 10-5, no Sats. Salary £8. Copy Typists £7. Full details Miss Topham, Duttons Secretarial Service, Ltd., 92 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. MUSeum 7379.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

SECRETARIAL jobs are plentiful. 3,000 temp. & permanent jobs avail. with top salaries. We're friendly people, call & see us. Acme Sec. Agcy., 4 Blenheim St., Bond St., W.1. (1st right Oxford St. end.) GRO. 4577.

EDUCATED Women wanted for several interesting secretarial posts at £9-£11 p.w. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERRmirus 8566. Employment in schools, colleges, institutions, offices of societies, etc. Teachers, secretaries, social workers, housekeepers, matrons, etc. Posts vacant and wanted.

SH/TYPS., copy/typs. Interesting work by the hour/day/week. Hall, Ltd., 32, Rupert St., Piccadilly, W.1. GER. 1067.

REQUIRED in September, Cook-Housekeeper for University Hall of Residence (31 women students). Further particulars from the Secretary, Shincliffe Hall, Durham.

COOK Housekeeper required September 17, 1956, Chelsea Open Air Nursery School. Main duty: ordering and preparing mid-day meal average 40 children and 10 adults. Resident or non-resident. Apply immediately, letters only, stating qualifications and experience, to: Miss B. I. Grove, 51 Glebe Place, London, S.W.3.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FUGITIVE from a Commercial Art Studio seeks suggestions livelihood. Interested printing. Box 6544.

DOMESTIC Staff! We always have available hard-working couples, mothers' helps, general domestics, cooks, chauffeurs, etc. Selected by our continental agents and branch offices and ready to leave continent now. Burnett Bureau, Ltd., 77 Dean St., London, W.1.

STUDENTSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships in Economics and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than September 1, 1956, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

PERSONAL

CAR lift one Spain/Portugal reqd. Aug. 16 retn. fortnight approx. KNI. 4132.

EDINBURGH Festival, Sep. 1-10. Dbl. rm. & tkts. Vale, Dorking 4573, 6-8 p.m.

FLEET St. journalist, wife, two children, would caretake house of London family going on two-three months' holiday and pay rent. Box 6584.

WANTED: Orovida proof of etching of zebra, about 1930. Box 6417.

RIVIERA. F. reqs. car seat Aug. 23/25, ret. Sep. 11/14. Share exp. KEN. 2191.

ROOM & meals offd. exch. help 3 childn. bkfast., supper & w'ends. Allan, 2 Hampstead Hill Gdns., N.W.3. HAM. 3817.

SMALL caravan, equipped two, available Aug., Sept. North Norfolk coast. Sailing, bird-watching. Morley, Jordans, Bucks.

BACHELOR, 32, motoring London, Stockholm, Lisbon, London mid-Sept. onward 5 weeks, wd. like another to share driving & exps. Some mechanical knowl. (advertiser has none) and pleasant sense of humour (advertiser thinks he has that). Box 6573.

WANTED by two graduates (f.) seats in car to French Riviera starting Aug. 24-26, poss. returng. Sept. 8-9. Box 6593.

FURNISHED room Hampstead plus pocket money offered for morning household help. Continental or other. Box 6563.

THERE'S always something worth while doing (including doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

CAN school convenient Epsom, Leatherhead, offer likeable girl, 7 (I.Q. 80) sympathetic teaching? Box 6394.

LAST minute continental holidays. Not mass-produced but individually arranged as, and where you wish. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Tel.: WHItehall 4114-5.

SUNSHINE Holidays: follow the sun with one of our September parties to Brittany, Switzerland, Italy (Cattolica on the Adriatic, Rome, Ischia & Positano, the North Italian Lakes & Venice) or to Spain (Majorca or Zarauz, Atlantic coast). Erna Low, 47 (NS), Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CHASE the sun—to Spain. August vacancies from 15 days, £33. New Vistas Travel Service, 99 Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Middlesex. Molesey 2105.

SUMMER Holidays for Children. Trained supervision. Principal, Thanet House School, Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs.

RELAX in the sun with the Club Mediterranee of Paris at Baratti, Caprera, Capri, Elba and Palinuro. Underwater exploring, water ski-ing, dancing every evening—free. Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 139 Kensington High Street (entrance Wrights Lane), London, W.8. Tel. WEStern 1517.

BOYS & Girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at the Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Eliz. Strachan. Hele 390.

PORTRAITS 20-60gns.: London exhibitor; experienced; good taste and likeness; time or distance no difficulty. Box 6406.

AN Afghan hound or a statue you've found: Anthony Panting would photograph it: 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8. MAI. 3200.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

ARE you Tired and Exhausted? Try Nerve Manipulation, an invigorating, stimulating and relaxing therapy. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd. S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

MAY we pick your brain? Mensa requires people of very high intelligence who are willing to answer postal surveys for purposes of sociological research.—Apply Secretary, Mensa, Flat 1, No. 6, The Paragon, S.E.3.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

A PART-time occupation by writing or drawing? Our personal home study course will interest you. E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.50.P., London, W.4. (Associated with H.M.V.)

KNOW-How means Writing Success for You. No Sale—No Fees Tuition. Free N.2. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

CONCERT and Lecture Agency for clubs, colleges, schools. Musical recitals. Lectures on literature, music, art, pottery, drama, underwater exploration, etc. Moderate fees. Details on request. Irene Forster Agcy., 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TER. 8566.

COMPANIONS wanted world trip, Autumn. Any ideas welcome. Box 6551.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Ave., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

WOLF of spotless character collects photographs of charming ladies by John Vickers. 29B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

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TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WEL. 6655 for details.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—the ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn.-5gns. a box. One quality the best! Write for catalogue. Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sx. Wivelsfield Green 232-233.

MANNEQUINS. Any girl contemplating a career in modelling will receive a frank (and free) assessment of her chances in an interview with Lucie Clayton. Brochure. 449 Oxford St., W.1. MAY. 0667.

CONTINENTAL girls ak. domestic posts au pair or full time. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

EXP. Tailoring. Suits from £14 10s. S. Hirsh, 92 High St., Edgware. EDG. 2275.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

FRENCH families welcome English girls into their homes in exch. children's care & light housewk. Service International d'Echanges, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

INTIMATE family "Letters by Mrs. Marx," written whilst Karl Marx was working on "Capital." Never before published in English. In the August "Labour Monthly." Also: "A New Atmosphere," by the Belgian Socialist veteran Camille Huysmans; "Breakers Ahead," R. Page Arnot; "Crisis in Motors," Peter Kerrigan; "Technical Education and the White Paper," Charles Harrington; "The New Socialism," Sancho Panza. Order 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. half-yearly postal subscription from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

SUEZ Canal. Basil Davidson's "What the Arab World Really Wants," 6d. "What is Happening in Vietnam," 6d., booksellers or Union of Democratic Control, 86 Rochester Row, London, S.W.1. (Postage 2d.)

AUSTRIAN Holiday? Buy the brilliant new travel guide "Austria Invites," by Monica Krippner. Packed with pictures, maps & money-saving information. At all bookshops 16s.

FREE-MASONRY. Its historical evolution from 1717 to date. 25s, post free. M. Paillard, 217 London Road, Twickenham.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

NATURE Cure from the Inside, by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

PENGUIN to a library bought. Emphasis on Socialist tks./pamps. Van calls. Has anyone Borkenau's Communist Int'n'l? The Hammersmith Bkshop, Ltd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last wk. 7.30, S., Sn. 5 & 8. "Trip to Bountiful." Mems.

UNITY: EUS. 5391. "Hold the Line" (a new farce), Fri., Sat., Sun. from August 17, 7.45. Mems.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer revivals. Until Aug. 12: "Rear Window" (A). From Aug. 13: "Sunset Boulevard" (A). From Aug. 16: "Shane" (A). ↑←

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. Aug. 12, 6 days. Man Who Loved Redheads (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Aug. 11, 2 new Russian Comedies. "Two Friends" and "Private Ivan Brovkin." 1, 4.20, 7.40. Open to public.

INDIAN Independence Day. Celebration on Wednesday, August 15, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, at 8 p.m. Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Programme of Indian dances, music and songs. Reserved seats 2s. 6d. and 1s. from The India League, 47 Strand, W.C.1. TRA. 6465.

BAKER Street Jive Club, 15 Baker St. W.1. WEL. 7007. Skiffle & Jive. Skippering Skiffers. Pers. appearance French Creole singer Rudy Marsalis. Sats., Sun. 8ish-latish.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evenings every Tuesday & Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or 'phone PRI. 7479, evenings.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 62nd Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30, until Sat., Sept. 15. Tickets 8s. 6d., 6s., 4s. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

"JOHN Deakin's Paris". An Exhibition of Photographs in the Gallery of David Archer's Bookshop, 34 Greek Street, W.1 (Shaftesbury Ave. end). GER. 6114. Adm. by catalogue 6d., open 10-7, incl. Sats. "These hallucinating visions of Paris . . . compelling power of these images . . . a high dramatic sense, that borders often—with startling effect—on the bizarre, almost the macabre". The Times. "A vision that is profoundly personal and profoundly strange, a vision which confounds and undermines all our notions of where inanimate ends and animate takes over." David Sylvester, The Listener. "Unreservedly commending this exhibition". British Journal of Photography.

THIS is Tomorrow—integration of the arts. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Week-days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20, Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibn., 1956. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

AUTOUR du Cubisme. Arts Council Exhibition of 29 paintings from the Musée d'Art Moderne, Paris. Tate Gallery. Open till Sept. 8, weekdays 10-6. (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Summer Selection. Annual Mixed Show. July 21-Aug. 18.

"THE Family of Man": World's Greatest Photographic Exhibition, Royal Festival Hall. Weekdays 12-7. Sundays 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Schoolchildren 6d.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibn. Dly. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7, Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

MEMORIAL Exhibition. Paintings and Drawings by H. Davis Richter. Leighton House, 12 Holland Park Rd., W.14. July 21-Sept. 1, 11-7 (Sats. 11-5). Adm. free.

GERMAN Books. Exhibition of the finest examples of book production in the G.D.R. July 2-Sept. 15. Collet's Multilingual Bookshop, 67 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. The State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Banqueting display of the Regimental Silver of the Royal Artillery. Open 10-8 daily incl. Sundays.

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EXHIBITIONS—continued

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Three new painters. 11-6 daily.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed. Aug. 15, 7.30 "Plural Societies," John Hatch. 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., on August 18. Signora Wharton-Woods-Flore: "Grazia Deledda e sua Sardegna" (la vincitrice del Premio Nobel).

JEAN-François Millet. Lecture by Sir Kenneth Clark, K.C.B., illustrated with lantern slides, Wednesday, August 22, 6.30, at the Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1, in connection with their exhibition of Millet's drawings. Tickets 2s. 6d., obtainable in adv. from Arts Council (accom. limited).

"WAR over Suez?" Protest Meeting Caxton Hall, S.W.1, Tues., Aug. 14, at 7.30 p.m. Donald Soper, Barbara Castle, Fenner Brockway, Maurice Orbach and other prominent speakers. Adm. 1s.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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